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A PRESIDENTIAL REFORMER.

UNTIL our day there was not a more ridiculous figure in history than the great Frederick of Prussia abandoning his cannon-balls and drill manœuvres for the rôle of an idyllic poet and humanitarian philosopher. He was as unhappy a lover of the muses as he was a favorite of Mars. The wits and *litterati* of the last century laughed at him from one end of Europe to the other. That is to say, when they got out of reach of the Potsdam hero's military boot or cane; for neither M. Voltaire nor his rivals found it prudent to ridicule their royal *collaborateur* until they were over his frontier. But we have had a little Frederick at Washington for the last six months, playing such antics before high heaven on the question of education and "pure morals," as would have made his great prototype green with envy, and provoked Democritus to a smile at the follies of mankind. And this with scarce a suspicion expressed at the moment by the American people that there was anything ridiculous in the conjunction of the Man and the Idea. On the contrary, we plunged

into the discussion of the medley of crude notions in President Grant's Des Moines speech, afterwards embodied in his recommendation to Congress on the subject of education, with an earnestness that spoke much for our sincerity, but not for our acuteness. We take everything in dead earnest. Age has not mellowed our character to that quick perception of the ridiculous common to older nations of the continental races. We take more after the parent Anglo-Saxon stock, and even exaggerate its dulness. Nothing moves us to a laugh short of a horse joke. American humor, like the native drama, is the coarsest in the world.

What other explanation is possible of that air of gravity and earnestness with which President Grant's educational scheme was received by those who favored it, and by those who opposed it? Else, why not have taken a glance out of the corner of our eye at the author of it? But a calcium light has since been as it were accidentally deflected upon this advocate of "pure morals" and edu-

cational reform, with the effect as if to pillory him on the canvas, stealing away with a post-tradership for his brother. We begin to open our eyes. We ask ourselves who is this Antoninus Pius of a later age who points out the way of our moral and social duties? A successful general, with the education of a camp, the tastes of a horse-trainer, and the honor of a nepotist, he hardly appears to have dreamed that upon questions such as those he took up, men cannot be drilled like a raw battalion, or driven along like one of his fast trotting horses, or parcelled out like an Indian contract. Still less does he seem to have suspected that the American people will look to intellects keener than his, to studies riper and more profound, to natures higher and finer, more scrupulous and more benevolent, for their guides in such a controversy. The great Frederick was only vain, and even his vanity was sensitive and humble; our little Frederick is presumptuous, and his presumption is hardy enough to shackle the conscience of a continent.

The royal Prussian schoolmaster had his Voltaire; our republican expert in the *belles-lettres* has his Bishop Haven. But it must be conceded that the flattery of the French philosopher was never so coarse as that of his pupil. We know, too, that he revolted against it in the end, whereas the American court preacher not only still clings personally to his idol, but would give the American people a surfeit of him for a third term. But one was a wit; the other is—a Methodist bishop!

Let us leave the parasite, however, and examine the speech. Events have so riddled it, that it is now only fit for the coroner. But even a post mortem is useful. It shows what the patient died of.

The speech, we say advisedly, for like "single speech" Hamilton of George III's time, the distinguished educational reformer who now oc-

cupies the White House, bids fair to go down to posterity as the President of one speech-power. We have a right, therefore, to demand that it should be a masterpiece. And so it is—of a peculiar kind. Much as Castlereagh's statue was that Byron immortalized, and for the same reason.

This remarkable speech-making power of the President, if one will consider it, is a valuable argument for a third and even a fourth term. In this wise: he has spoken (or read) one speech in two Presidential terms. Hence, according to the now well-established law of probabilities, we might confidently look for a second one during an equal period, as valuable even as the Des Moines speech. But though this may be an important suggestion to party managers, or the *New York Herald*, to whom it is here presented, free of copyright, it is straying too far from our immediate subject. Let us return, therefore, to a consideration of the executive "new departure" in education and "pure morals."

President Grant is a male Cassandra. At Des Moines he saw visions. Our democratic Troy is in danger "in the near future." With prophetic voice he bids us beware of Greek presents,

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes;

to wit, "superstition, ambition, and ignorance." These are the hidden foes in the Wooden Horse he launches his dart at. Grisly horrors sweep before his imagination as he contemplates more bloody fields. Not Hamlet nor Macbeth shudders more at the ghostly portents that cross the stage. Well shall it be for President Grant, if his hands be guiltless in the fratricidal war he attempts to evoke.

What is this "ignorance" of which the President speaks? This is a most important factor in the solution of the Sphinx's riddle of Des Moines. We cannot doubt that

an eminent casuist like President Grant, who discriminates with so much subtlety between "sectarian, pagan, and atheistical" dogmas, will be able to answer the question to his own satisfaction and ours. Unfriendly critics say he is a concrete example of it. But that is not our opinion. On the contrary, we might hold, *prima facie*, with good reason, that the present Chief Executive is the most literate President that ever dignified that position. And were we asked the reason of our faith, we would scorn to take refuge in Baconian methods of demonstration. We should postulate our belief upon broad *a priori* grounds, upon the confidence shown by President Grant himself in grappling with, and deciding offhand upon, this very question of education, which none of his minor predecessors ventured to handle. True genius is intuitive, and grasps at once its own domain. Jefferson, or Madison, or Monroe might avoid this vexed question, distrustful, it may be, of that "ignorance" which President Grant abhors. But when a ripe scholar, like the present incumbent, occupies the Presidential chair, one whom the old grammarians would have delighted to honor as a master of the *omne scibile*, he owes it to mankind not to let his erudition lie fallow, but more benevolently to use it towards supplying the omissions of one hundred years of too cautious statesmanship. This is at once the vindication of President Grant's political sagacity and his chief crown of literary glory. He would fain have been the Mæcenas of the country school marm to distant ages.

"O et præsidium et dulce decus meum."

"O both my safeguard and most sweet glory,"

might have been sung on the Ohio, as erst on the Tiber, had not the unhappy Belknap exploded a bomb-shell in the War Department, or *Marsh-gas* exploded Belknap, and smothered the Presidential patron of learning among the *débris*.

What is "ignorance?" we repeat. We will not go into any of the definitions given by those masters of the schools who taught humbly because they knew much. None of them would suit the frame of mind of President Grant, who teaches loudly because he knows little. We will offer one pertinent to the time and the man: Ignorance is that condition of the mind in which a President of the United States can write a letter to his brother, informing him of a vacancy in a trading post, and yet not know that the brother will divide the profits with the actual traders in consideration of his influence.*

This is one of the most beautiful paradoxes of the Des Moines speech, and hitherto unknown in political philosophy, that this kind of "ignorance" which deliberately refuses to know the logical sequence of a corrupt action, should be at the same time the staple of the "intelligence and patriotism" which, according to President Grant, is to rescue the country from that other form of "ignorance" not so expert in post-tradership arithmetic.

Ignorance is a relative term. In these days of specialists and special studies few venture to tread all fields of knowledge. The Admirable Crichtons that dazzled a ruder age exist no longer. Men are content to know what is specially demanded of them in any given position. Judged by this standard what are President Grant's claims to brand so many of his fellow-countrymen with the odious charge of "ignorance?" His first official act was a blunder. He nominated a Secretary of the Treasury in violation of the law of which he had just been elected chief guardian. Has he shown by his subsequent acts any greater knowledge of the duties, or comprehension of the dignity of his office? He has had a majority to support him in the Senate

* *Vide* the evidence of Orville M. Grant before the War Department Committee, March 9th, 1876.

—wherever support was possible—since his inauguration; yet it is stated to be historically in evidence that no President of the United States has ever had so many nominations rejected.

But it is conceded that this is a wonderful country. Europe has had a good many lessons to receive from us, but none more wonderful than from our Presidential educator of the masses.

Look, for instance, at our disinterested President's subtle divisions of religious or non-religious beliefs. He marks them off, "sectarian, pagan, atheistical," with the acuteness and precision of a Tertullian or an Augustine. It might have been thought that "war's alarms" and the "tented field" had dulled the nicety of President Grant's polemical vision. Far from it. He is ready to put the Latin or Greek Fathers to the blush in defining the shades of religious belief.

But what will his admirer, Bishop Haven, say to his classification of "sectarian (Christian) dogmas" with "paganism" and "atheism." Does he too rank them on the same level? With what contempt must cultivated opinion in Europe look upon those rude and uncultured sentiments which thus insult the noble roll of Christian martyrs, saints, heroes, and scholars. Has Christendom left nothing better to the ages than to be thus degraded by a soldier of fortune on its western frontier? Has it nothing better to offer now?

President Grant entering the field armed *cap-a-pie* as a theologian is a spectacle worthy of Don Quixote. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Does he mean to recommend by implication that "deistical" dogmas may be taught in the public schools? Considering the carefulness of his divisions, it is reasonable to suppose that his silence upon this point is the silence of calculation, and that he does mean it. Deism, therefore, is

to be the State religion of the future in the United States; the shallow and lukewarm philosophy which was spewed out of Europe a century ago is to take refuge in our common schools under President Grant's protection. Is this the best fruit of our civilization?

'Tis true, although he shuts the school-door against the "Heathen Chinese" and his Joss, he leaves it open to "Mohammedan" dogmas. Does this intimate a subtle design on the part of President Grant to hand us over to the Grand Turk? Or is he in favor of a "houri" heaven only?

Again, what are "atheistical" dogmas? Are Darwin's or Tyndall's teachings such, when pushed to their logical conclusion, as Tyndall has not hesitated to push them? Catholics say they are. Shall their works be, therefore, excluded from the schools? If not, why not? If by reason of the dissent of the Protestant majority from this interpretation of them, then, Catholics protesting, the teachings of those pseudo-philosophers become sectarian, the dogmas of a "sectarian" majority, and must be excluded under the President's first division.

Who should be the arbiter in questions like those,—the State? But President Grant says: "Keep the Church and the State forever separate." Does he mean by this that the Church shall be prohibited under penalties from touching upon those questions in which, religion being affected, social and political duties are nevertheless also involved; while, on the other hand, the State shall have full license to invade the domain of conscience? What other interpretation is possible? It is the story over again of the quarrel between the Roman patrician and the plebeian, satirized by Juvenal. "If that be a quarrel," he says:

"Ubi tu pulsas et ego vapulo tantum."
"Where you strike, and I am only beaten."

This is the position to which Prot-

estant and Freemason persecuting governments in Europe and South America, would like to reduce the Church to-day. It is the theory of government of Philip II of Spain revived in our time; the dominancy of the State over the individual conscience, which Protestants have been educated to abhor. Then it was their ox that was gored, now it is their neighbor's! Hence their present calmness. 'Tis true the civilization of this century has compelled the abandonment of the fagot and thumb-screw, but the persecuting spirit is the same. It now mulcts Catholics in pecuniary penalties under the guise of equal school taxation, and seeks to ostracize them socially and disfranchise them politically. This is the feeling at the bottom of President Grant's speech and suggested educational amendment. He proposes, in words, freedom for all, but by a mental reservation he expects Catholics. They hold tenets which are not his. Therefore they are damnable and false; therefore down with them. Who will not call to mind Faithful's trial before the unjust jury, after he and Christian had been cast into prison at Vanity Fair: "Then," said Mr. No-good, "away with such a fellow from the earth." "Aye," said Mr. Malice, "for I hate the very look of him." "Then," said Mr. Implacable, "might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us bring him in guilty of death." In those portraits does President Grant recognize his own features? "They are 'superstitious' and 'ignorant,'" said he in effect to the Army of the Tennessee; "therefore let us wage war against them and crush them to the earth." It would be cruel intolerance for any man in private station to utter such words and seek to make them good in practice. But it is a terrible and revolting spectacle when the Chief Executive of a great nation proclaims them as its future policy. It

heralds as plainly as words can speak a war of religion, and seeks to accustom men's minds to a contemplation of its horrors? Has not President Grant had blood enough on his sword in a fratricidal war, that he should thus invite his countrymen to enter rashly upon another, more deadly and embittered? Does he thus seek fresh excitement when his civil power shall have ended, and wish to place himself in a position where he may be tempted to trample upon the liberties of his country over fresh heaps of slain? Such words from such a man do not fall idly upon the ground. They bear a deadly crop in congenial soil which only needs opportunity to become potent for evil. They were soon re-echoed by the Republican Convention of Indiana, which affirmed in its platform that it is "incompatible with American citizenship to pay allegiance to any foreign power, civil or ecclesiastical." True words, if truly spoken, but poisoned here by a vile hypocrisy; for they imply that Catholics bear civil allegiance to the Pope, which is false, and thus seek to make them odious; but they are aimed in reality at that spiritual allegiance to the Supreme Pontiff, which is the glorious bond of Catholicity all over the world, but which the independence of Protestant private judgment cannot tolerate, though it is an equal right of conscience with theirs. This is the spirit that drove the Huguenots out of France. Shameful it is that, in this Centennial year of American liberty, a powerful party should pledge itself to make outlaws of millions of its fellow-citizens who have proved their loyalty by their blood in every crisis of the nation's history. For what crime? For none, except that they seek eternal peace, humbly and faithfully, by a different road from theirs. This is the first signal repudiation in the second century of the national existence of the United States of that declaration of religious freedom

which, with personal liberty and the equality of man, was its corner-stone. Could it be carried to a successful issue, it would make Catholics helots in the United States.

A more radical party has stripped the President's speech of all ambiguity, and given to it the plain interpretation of which the Indiana Republican platform fell cautiously short. The Order of the American Union, the organization of which was made public last December, professes a single aim, viz., "to disfranchise Roman Catholics, and prevent them from holding office." This is the only logical conclusion from the premises laid down by President Grant and the Indiana Republicans. We attach but little importance to this Order itself; but it is the symptom of a state of public feeling which may at any time become dangerous. It threatens a revival of Know-Nothingism in a more furious and powerful form. If this be the fruit of President Grant's educational scheme, how little cause will humanity have to rejoice over it.

Yet should such a contest as that which he has predicted, stripped of its false terms, be forced upon us by the sullen persecuting spirit he has endeavored to arouse, we do not believe Catholics would stand alone. We are strong in numbers, in wealth, in intelligence; stronger in patriotism, often tried in the fire, and not found wanting; strongest of all in our indefeasible right of conscience. On this last ground we should find allies. Fair-minded Protestants in every State, men who rise superior to the ignoble "superstition" about "popery" shared in by President Grant in common with the lowest classes of society, and who abhor intolerance under whatever guise it presents itself, would make their voices heard in support of our rights. Listen to these noble words of Abraham Lincoln, written twenty years ago, during the Know-Nothing agitation—words which ought to be

written in letters of gold upon the flags of the Army of the Tennessee to counteract the baneful, inflammatory predictions of his successor: "You inquire where I now stand? . . . I am not a Know-Nothing; that is certain. How could I be? How can any one who abhors the oppression of negroes, be in favor of degrading classes of white people? Our progress in degeneracy appears to me pretty rapid. As a nation, we began by declaring 'all men are created equal?' We now practically read it: 'All men are created equal, except negroes.' When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read: 'All men are created equal, except negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' When it comes to this, I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretence of loving liberty, to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy."*

Upon principles like these was this republic founded, by striving to live up to them it has endured, and only by maintaining them with vigor can it hope to realize those aspirations after liberty and happiness for all men which were in the hearts of its founders. Shall President Grant break them down? We have no fear of the result. A single speech from a great general, but narrow-minded statesman, is not destined to overthrow the lessons of equality before the law and religious toleration, which have been handed down for a hundred years through a line of illustrious public men and great orators. What they taught has sunk deep into the national mind. The honesty, the moderation and good sense of the American people are robust enough to survive the shocks both of official corruption and executive bigotry.

President Grant has never been accused of timidity. His courage in the field is unquestioned. And

* Letter from Lincoln to Speed, August, 1855. *Life*, by Lamon, p. 371.

on various occasions during his tenure of office, he has shown himself to possess a fund of moral courage to be justly admired. But on this question of the public schools and the impending contest with the Pope, he has met his Bull Run. A panic seems to have seized upon him which, it is to be hoped, he did not succeed in communicating to the Army of the Tennessee. Prince Bismarck's aggressive war upon the Church in Germany, like a stone thrown into the water, has spread its waves over the whole Christian world. A master of diplomacy, he has been able in this case, as in the war with Austria, and afterwards with France, so to veil his deliberate design of attack, as to convince, or partly convince, the neutral or non-Catholic mind, that he was forced to assume the aggressive in self-defence. He has had the unquestioning sympathy of the ultra-Protestant element in every country, and nowhere more strongly than in the United States. This sympathy has roused equal fears of attack—groundless as to the premises upon which they are based, groundless as to the state of the facts in the United States! But this alarm has buzzed and worried in President Grant's brain, until it has driven him into the only speech he is ever known to have made. This is doubtless the psychological explanation of his unwonted eloquence at Des Moines. But the country is not frightened, though the President may be. Catholics may justly retort upon him the charge of "superstition" which he has brought against them. He shares it in its most ignoble form with the most ignorant and fanatical class of the community—men who do not doubt that the mild and venerable Pontiff who now sits in the chair of Peter is Antichrist in person.

Were the author of the Des Moines speech a private citizen, his intolerant spirit, his superstitious fear of the Pope, would demand no more attention than similar chimeras that

affect the minds of Protestant old women of both sexes. But unfortunately, as President, he invests his bigotry with an official sanction. Not more in religious than in administrative questions has he been able to separate his private likings and dislikings from the motives which alone should influence the discharge of his executive functions. The removal of Chief Justice Dunne of Arizona, without trial, on the ground of his hostility to the common school system, is a sufficient example of this, and exceeds in despotic violence the most arbitrary stretch of the royal prerogative that has been known in England for two hundred years. That it has been suffered to pass by with scarcely any notice, except from the Catholic press, is a proof how completely religious prejudice can smother the voice of liberty.

But a more powerful motive than even private malevolence, and one of wider influence can be seen behind this agitation for a constitutional school amendment. It cannot be doubted that President Grant's Des Moines speech, his recommendation to Congress, and Mr. Blaine's resolutions, were the deliberately meditated signals of an attempt to carry the Presidential election for the Republican party by a revival of the Know-Nothing or no-Popery agitation. The Ohio campaign was the first great movement in this direction. "Non-sectarian schools" and "pure morals" were to be the watchwords. But the recent terrible exposures at Washington, which have so wounded American honor, have at the same time so rudely torn away the veil of hypocrisy from the administration party that one-half of this motto is defaced, and the other smirched with suspicion. The "no-Popery" leaders have just now too much dirty linen at home to wash, to be in a condition to call attention to the color of the "scarlet woman's" garments. The American people will hardly choose to take

the champions of their national education and public morals from the ranks of the party that has been batten- ing on public plunder for seven years in every department of Govern- ment. The individual efforts of men of honor and purity in the party cannot cleanse it. It is saturated with corruption in every pore. It may be said in brief that the Bel- knap and Orville Grant disclosures have checkmated the President's move at Des Moines.

A philosopher might well laugh at this no-Popery panic which so easily seizes on the American public. Is it not true that the Protestant Church has always been the dominant Church in the United States? If men have suffered for their religious liberty at any time, and in any State, has not the Protestant Church—of one de- nomination or another—been the persecutor? If the Inquisition has ever existed in the United States, has it not been a Puritan inquisition? Yet, in the face of the facts of their own history, Protestants in the United States go back for three hun- dred years in the annals of Europe to summon up the phantoms of those dread times as witnesses in our day. In the United States the hands of Catholics are clean. The dungeon, the rack, the pillory, the gallows, and the fagot are the exclusive prop- erty of Protestantism. If any class of people have reason to dread the return of the persecuting era in this country, it is Catholics. Yet they have been so accustomed to be overborne by charges of persecution from the Protestant press and pul- pit, that they have allowed them- selves to be driven into an apol- ogetic and defensive position in dis- cussing the question. It is not long since, we observed in a Western pa- per a series of interrogatories pro- pounded to a Catholic contemporary, among which the writer had the pre- sumption and ignorance to ask for a declaration of religious toleration in the assumed event of the Catholic

Church becoming the dominant one in this country. What fatuous in- solence does this disclose when one remembers the religious history of Maryland, of New York, of Massa- chusetts! Is it not historically true, that Catholics in every one of the older States have only won religious freedom by their increase of num- bers? If the Protestant Church were again strong enough to persecute them, from whom should the guar- antee of toleration be demanded? Yet the Catholic party to this press dialogue charitably made the re- quired declaration, instead of chas- tizing the effrontery of his inter- locutor.

Let us look at this matter of pro- posed Federal school legislation from another point of view. President Grant and, emulating him, Mr. Blaine propose an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting among other things any State from support- ing or aiding separate schools in any manner whatever. Fettering the State, they succeed in fettering indi- vidual action which they cannot reach directly. Now what is this but the assumption of that theory of "paternal government" which Americans have been taught to spurn as unbecoming freemen, and as the badge of despotism, whether benefi- cent or cruel. "The States do not know what is good for them," says President Grant, in effect, "but I do; therefore I will force this amend- ment upon them." It is beyond the purview of the suggestions contem- plated by the Constitution.

It is the device of extremists, who, being in a temporary majority, de- termine to bind the minority with chains which shall forever hinder them from asserting their rights at law or in conscience. Could we find a more striking example of that "tyranny of the majority" which De Tocqueville, a more sagacious political observer than President Grant, predicted as one of the greatest perils of our form of gov-

ernment? The truth is that the scope of Federal legislation has been so enlarged, and its action at the same time so individualized, by the necessity, or assumed necessity, of protecting the negro, that Americans, from being the freest, bid fair at no distant date to become the most statute-ridden people in the world, in every civil and social relation. President Grant, with what some people will term the bluntness of a soldier, but others the rudeness of a boor, warns his countrymen in his annual message against a "priestcraft." But there is a political poison he has not named, which observation has shown to produce even a more fatal lethargy and stagnation than he attributes to "priestcraft," that is to say, the curse of a statute-ridden country, of an absolutely centralized government, with its laws radiating into every channel of life, usurping the functions of the state or province, of the municipality, of the householder, of the parent. Let Americans continue a little longer to move in the direction pointed out by the President, and they will eventually succeed in extinguishing free thought, and establishing a new Chinese empire, with a centre of heaven-born laws at Washington instead of Peking. They already submit to invasions of private rights which even subjects of constitutional monarchies would not tolerate.

It is not the purpose of this article to enter into a discussion of the rights of parents under the natural law in the matter of the education of their children, which President Grant proposes to annihilate. But on observation germane to that question, and those which have been noticed, may be ventured upon. Can any American of intelligence who lifts up his eyes from merely party politics, and observes the course of legislation in this and foreign countries, fail to note that democracy in the United States is

drifting away from those principles of religious sanction and freedom of individual action, which were its *raison d'être*, towards a system which makes men machines worked by a central power, while on the other hand, older countries are approaching the axioms of government it started from? Contrast, for instance, President Grant's late declarations, which in direct terms banish religion from the State, and attack the most sacred of private rights, with the advice of the first President. "Found your government," said Washington, "upon religion, intelligence, and virtue." Contrast them also with the ministerial statement, of March 14th, of the new French Republic. "It is not without emotion," they say, "that we approach the first session of a legislature under a constitutional republic. . . . We shall tell them (public functionaries), that the republican, more than any other form of government, must rest upon the sacred laws of *religion, morality, and family rights*, respect for the inviolability of property, and upon labor honored and encouraged."

Listening to President Grant we hear the voice of an imperial chancellor, of a Bismarck, or a Gortschakoff, under the veil of republicanism dictating what he thinks best for the country; listening to the French statement, we seem to hear the voice of a Lafayette, or a Franklin, addressing a nation of freemen, who dictate their own legislation as seems best to them.

Let us ask ourselves what is this theory of State interference in education based upon. Is it to make men intelligent, and prospectively prosperous for their own sakes? No! Otherwise the State must go further, and divide its public lands among the poor, and stock them from the common fund of taxation. Thus we should land in pure communism. The most advanced section of the liberal school of economists, vigor-

ously following out the methods of Adam Smith and later teachers, oppose themselves, therefore, to free schools as a step towards pauperization and communism, while the socialist school of economists, who demand that the State shall do everything, fix the price of labor, supply work, divide property, etc., are equally firm in supporting them. Neither President Grant, probably, nor the American people, certainly, are prepared, however, to admit the socialist theory. Free schools are, therefore, only incidentally for the benefit of the individual; primarily they are for the benefit of the State. Their object is to make good citizens. This is solid ground for their defenders to stand on. President Grant is right, therefore, in demanding "pure morals," which make the administration of the laws easy, as part of the fruits of that reign of intelligence, which is to triumph over "superstition and ignorance." "Pure morals!" What an affecting picture at this moment is this solicitude of President Grant and his administration, for the moral welfare of society. It is too touching. History will represent this trio, President Grant, Secretary Belknap, and brother Orville, deliberating over that immortal sentence, fresh from a post-tradership contract. Mr. Pecksniff never penned anything more unctuous. The "party of moral ideas" has here surpassed all its former efforts.

"Pure morals!" yes, truly, this is a more exquisite song than the other; it is an appropriate motto for an administration which, in a period of seven years, has so foully sullied the honor of the American name at home and abroad, that the noble record of its past history can scarce redeem it in popular repute. "Ignorant" and "superstitious" Catholics may bow their heads in shame, but it will be in common with the rest of their fellow-citizens at the moral weakness, at the

connivance with corruption, of the President who has dared to libel them.

We are not of those who persistently undervalue General Grant's military genius, or who charge him with directly receiving money for the prostitution of his present high office as President. But his record is bad in the light of recent revelations, and justly leaves him open to suspicion in the minds of calm and upright men.

He receives valuable presents without scruple, in opposition to the practices and maxims of the noblest names in antiquity and modern history. It has not passed out of the public memory that three years ago he was able to defy the pure and high-minded Charles Sumner upon this charge, because the American people were then indifferent to and unsuspicious about it, and because his character was then otherwise unchallenged. But Sumner saw the drift of official life towards the abyss of infamy into which it has since plunged, and his clear political vision will be now better appreciated.

He surrounds himself with favorites, military and others, of debased habits, who live upon corruption, and some of whom are now convicted jail-birds.

He has enriched a large number of his family relatives by quartering them upon the public service, in opposition to republican principles.

It is shown under oath that he wrote a letter to one of them communicating to him official news, which the latter used for his private advancement. It is not shown how many other letters of the same character he may have written during his tenure of office; yet in the light of the Orville Grant letter, men will not forget the connection of one of his more distant relatives with "Black Friday."

Upon the charge and conviction of a misdemeanor of a somewhat similar character (afterwards claimed

to be disproved) Admiral Cochrane, better known as Lord Dundonald, of the British navy, was cashiered the service, and expelled from the House of Commons at the beginning of the present century.

That such a President, guilty at the least of degrading nepotism, tainted with such associations as we have named, without literary culture or special training in education, should put himself forward as the champion of "intelligence and patriotism," of free schools and "pure morals," is the broadest farce of an age fertile in ridiculous surprises. It is too broad for the most liberal taste. It is not surprising that it has been quietly withdrawn from the boards. The prediction may be ventured upon that the Presidential term will close without another adjuration from him to the American people in the name of "pure morals." It has been well said that President

Grant's administration has been too familiar with the penitentiary to intrude again upon the domain of the public school.

Men who make no pretence to culture or superior morality can be heard everywhere to declare that it is hard that out of all the integrity, knowledge, and purity in this country, it cannot have a man for President who will not stoop to put a little contract into his brother's hands. It is not the present rulers of this Republic who need to look after the education of its people; it is the people who need to look after their rulers. Least of all is it becoming that President Grant, around whom has centred this nest of profligacy and corruption, should put himself forward as the apostle of a new era in education and "pure morals," and that in doing so he should make his high office the vehicle of his private bigotry.

SONNET.

RAPHAEL.

STEEPED in the glow and glory of old Rome—

So old, so young, in life, and death, and art—

His pictures shine, so near to Truth's great heart,

That through the ages Truth has in her home—

The brightest stars in her celestial dome!

Kept them alive; and will till time is done,

Fill them with stronger light than fire or sun.

Great Prince of Painters! laurel wreathes his name;

The world may babble,—she's an ancient dame!

And say his life and art held much of clay,

Reproaching him; yet saints fell on their way.

If sin repented be a blot on fame,

His fame is fameless, though he reached fame's goal,

And left us glory shining from his soul.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

SUORA MARIA ANGELA.

THE mausoleum of Cæsar Augustus is known to every tourist who visits the Eternal City. It is one of the classical sights of Rome which the assiduous traveller must see, or how should he brave the horror and indignation of Dame Inquiry? He must go to some trouble, too, to find it, for it does not stand forth in majestic relief like the Pantheon or the Colosseum, but is lost in an obscure street, and even there it is forced into obscurity by walls of towering houses which rise up about it on all sides. One is beholden to an advertisement, pasted up on the portal of the palace in the *Vie de Pontefici*, for knowing the whereabouts of the resting-place of the first Roman emperor. You pass in at the portal, and find yourself in a large courtyard. A musty odor pervades the place. The last visit of the sun dates from the construction of the palace. In one corner of the yard stands the portable residence of a poor artist, who obtained permission from the kind-hearted proprietor to put up his dwelling and studio there. The edifice would pass for an itinerant photographer's car. Poverty sticks out of the broken windows in the shape of old hats and bundles of rags, which had in remote periods figured in the apparel service. Cowering in the shadow of the circular mole stands a long, low building, which looks like a stable; but that it is occupied by representatives of humanity is evident from the linen which takes a questionable airing from a few small windows. Did the stranger know enough of that building and its occupants to excite an interest, he would be at a loss how to effect an entrance, for none is visible, if exception be taken to the little windows. And if the custodian who shows curious strangers around the mausoleum, would but introduce the story of the little

heroine, who leads a life of daily sacrifice in the long, low house below, in connection with his classical explanations on Augustus, his fees would be in many instances forthcoming with a better grace than that which generally accompanies gratuities; for the noblest sentiments of human nature must be asphyxied in the soul of that man or woman who is indifferent to the narrative of a life of sacrifice and devotion to decrepit and suffering old age.

Sister Maria Angela's is a life of heroic sacrifice and devotion to the sixteen old women in the long, low house. Her life is a phase of charity unknown outside the Catholic Church. She is a Sister of Charity without a religious profession, a nun without vows. Her little institution, of her own foundation and of her own support, is not mentioned in the records of either Church or State, yet she is a creditor of the Lord's to no inconsiderable amount, having given much to the poor. Her father was a wealthy Roman gentleman, and on his death left Maria Angela and an only son the possessors of a large fortune. We are beholden to no one for the information that she was very beautiful, for she is still fair and comely to behold, though verging on sixty-three. She was highly accomplished, and what, with her beauty, and her wealth, and her native simplicity of manners, which enhanced her beauty, she was a very eligible match for any young aristocrat of Rome. She received many offers to marry while her father was living, but always declined them, alleging that he demanded her constant care. She would think of marriage only when he was gone. Meanwhile her father's house, of which she had from girlhood been the mistress, was the centre of attraction to the visiting Romans. No receptions

were so pleasant as those of Callestini, and this because of the charming manners of his little daughter Maria. She had always been talked of as little, for she was and is a spare, delicate little body. Though she visited much, it was well known in Rome that she went to the hospitals daily. How she found the time to do so was a mystery to all but her brother, who always accompanied her, and her father who missed her presence. She was generous to a fault, and was playfully called by her father the "little squanderer." If a young maiden met with obstacles in getting married, she found a friend and protectress in Maria, who always found some means of making a settlement. When she had not of her own to give, she levied contributions on her admirers. On these occasions she never asked them to contribute in charity, but wouldn't they invest in bonds which never made any one bankrupt? If a thriftless artisan pawned his tools to play at the lottery and lost, as is generally the misfortune with the poor, Maria Angela redeemed them, and emboldened him to risk another terno, and pay another visit to the Monte di Pietà. But, if she was kind and charitable to all, she was tenderness and love itself towards poor old women and little orphans. She had a long list of pensioners among the old folks. She kept a roll-book of them, and gave alms in separate instalments every day. She used to distribute her numerous pensioners over the seven days in the week, thus: Monday, Nina di Saint Agostino (the church at which Nina begged), Marinaccia di San Filippo, and so on. At the appointed hour she came down into the courtyard, trying to look severe and business-like as she first reviewed her list, and then cast a glance at the representatives of misery before her, to assure herself that none but the lot of that day was present. She always found a culprit who belonged to another squad, but who

pleaded that the soldo, or the bread, due her on Saturday, might be advanced then, because on the yesterday it had rained, and no strangers passed in at the door of the church where she begged. The alms were always advanced, and when the old lady would make her appearance with her companions on their pay-day, Maria Angela had forgotten all about the charity already advanced. This and many others were little debts that never appeared on her books, but the great ledger above contains them all. It frequently occurred, during her visit to the dwellings of the poor, that her purse became exhausted before she had made the round of her pensioners, and it not unfrequently happened she took a certain diamond ring off her finger and gave it to the object of her commiseration, telling him to sell it or pawn it. The ring was well known at the Monte di Pietà. The first time she parted with it she felt a strong regret, because it was the gift of her father. She thought very much about it on her return home. Next morning she was about to ask her father to redeem it (she knew it would go to the Monte di Pietà, for it was the poor man's bank in those days), when a ring was heard at the door, and an official of that establishment was announced. He had a little parcel for the Signorina, Maria Angela Callestini, and a note. The parcel contained the ring, the note these words, "God loves the cheerful giver." Her curiosity was aroused to know who had redeemed the ring, and how it was discovered to be hers. But the official could only inform her that a person called for it, presenting the ticket, and requested the official to take it in person to herself. But the ring was seen at the Monte a second time, and a second time was it restored to her. "It is the Lord's doing," she said; "He wants me to keep the ring, to show me that I am wedded to the poor."

Years after, when the good Cardi-

nal, who had been the protector of the Monte di Pietà, had gone to his rest, she was told that it was all his doing. He had heard of her first parting with the ring and had ordered his steward to redeem it; instructing him, moreover, that he was to inquire regularly at the Monte for the Signorina's ring, and recover it as often as it became a captive. On hearing how the ring had been repeatedly restored to her, she resolved never to part with it, and it passed into a saying among the poor of Rome, "Take all that Maria Angela gives you but her ring." About three years ago she parted with it, and never saw it more. It was an occasion of most pressing need. Her income had dwindled down to a miserable fraction of what it had been. The financial condition of her little asylum was low, just like that of the State, only she had no one to tax. Besides, she had taken in a few old women more than the establishment was capable of supporting; but she could not find it in her heart to send them away, and the times were very hard, and the prospects of getting bread by begging very poor, indeed. It was begging from a beggared people! So Maria took the old creatures in, and there they are to this day. But she sold the ring, all that she had to sell. But we were speaking of her former life. While her father lived she went travelling with him every summer. It was during these summer trips that she made the acquaintance, which soon ripened into friendship, of several distinguished foreigners, who, in later years, assisted her very materially in her pious work. Among these we might mention Lady Herbert and his Eminence, Cardinal Manning.

When the Cardinal, then Archbishop, preached the Lenten sermons in Rome the collections taken up were, at his request, given to Sister Maria Angela. On the death of her father Maria Angela felt less disposed to marry than before. Her

heart was with the poor, she said, and now that her father was gone, she had no need of superfluous worldly substance. That went to the poor also. What we say of Maria Angela can be said of her brother. In what concerned charity they have but one heart. But he was not as active as she. Every suggestion came from her, every project for befriending the poor was her conception. Not to speak trivially of so noble a subject, he was the passive partner in the business. At her suggestions the horses and carriage were sold, the driver and footman discharged, and the domestic expenses curtailed. The summer trip, too, was given up, and the savings laid by again the coming winter for the good of the poor. Every evening, after dinner, the brother and sister held a consultation on their affairs, on how they could spend their money most advantageously for the old folks. Maria Angela was the "chair" on these occasions, though Rosa the maid—now a stout, hardy washerwoman of fifty, who comes every day to the little asylum to help her little mistress in doing chores—averts that Maria Angela always sat on a very low stool, and rested her arm upon her brother's knee. One evening they came to a very important determination. Considering that neither would marry, considering, moreover, that Galtano had a good salary, as cashier of the pontifical finances, which would be more than sufficient for their support, it was resolved, that the capital of their fortune should be systematically spent in maintaining a certain number of old women. But the charity of Maria Angela knew no limits, and she only thought of system in her leisure moments, when her generous and noble heart was not affected by immediate contact with misery. The certain number of old folks became unlimited, and she had doting old daughters in every quarter of the Eternal City. In a few years very little remained

of the patrimony. Maria Angela was forty years of age before she reduced her charity to anything like a system. About eighteen years ago she conceived the idea of gathering a number of her most needy pensioners into one house, and of devoting herself entirely to making them comfortable and happy. The principal feature in this project was her determination of living in common with them, *en famille* as it were, and of performing all the household service herself. She was already too poor to purchase a house. But the Countess, who owns the palace near the mausoleum of Augustus, made her a present of the long, low building spoken of above. It served as a granary in those days. Behind the granary, hemmed in by a high wall on one side, and the circular wall of the mausoleum on the other, was a sort of a courtyard, which was used as a deposit for rubbish. Galtano became a practical partner of her labors at this juncture by utilizing the old courtyard. He easily obtained permission from the indulgent authorities to roof in that space. Nothing else was required to make a house of it. The walls were already there, that of the court on one side, and the mausoleum on the other. Architectural proportions were no consideration at all. Think of the last resting-place of the great Cæsar Augustus being incorporated with a rickety, tumble-down asylum for decrepit old women! Yet within those walls are performed heroic deeds, the memory of which is far more imperishable than that of the Emperor, whose memory at best lives in a pile of bricks, stone, and mortar. What are human records to those which are kept by the Recording Angel? The earthly and material monument which bears testimony to the generosity and devotion of Sister Maria Angela will not, in all probability, exist twenty years hence. Not to speak of the fact that even now it leans upon the mausoleum, and

upon divers crutches, propped up against its sides for support, the mania of archæologists for disencumbering ancient monuments of all modern attachments, and bringing them out in all their majestic proportions, will, ere long, raze it to the ground. But while it is still the sanctuary of Christian heroism we know it to be, let us enter. We intimated in the beginning that there was no way of effecting an entrance save through the little windows. We would inform the stranger here that apart from the physical inconvenience of getting in at any one of those windows he would encounter a very serious difficulty from the muscular Rosa, who is generally on duty in the large room, which serves as the dormitory, refectory, and sitting-room of the old folks. She has been known to handle a chair with alarming dexterity. It was on the occasion of a visit from the assessor. Though he managed to get in by the door, Rosa was sufficiently up to the times to be aware that the most consummate thieves of our days do not confine themselves to getting in at the window like the thief mentioned in the Gospel. Walking around the mausoleum into a corner, formed by the junction of the asylum, we come to a very small door in the wall. Pulling the bell-cord seems to open the door. But it is the effect of Rosa's smartness, who is sweeping at the top of the stairs. She gives the latch-cord a tug, and yells out in stentorian accents, "*Chiè!*" Who is it? You are supposed to answer, "*Amici*"—friends—otherwise she will come down and dispute your passage. As it is, she answers in a mollified tone, "*Favoriska*"—do us the favor—and you mount. If you are plural you must go single file, for the stairway is narrow, as the stout Rosa has often confessed in her ire. You ask for Suora Maria Angela, and are led straightway into the kitchen by the unceremonious Rosa. The spare little figure of a woman, habited in

a gown of brown serge, is seen bending over the fire, stirring something in a pot. Then it turns around, and becoming conscious of the presence of a stranger, advances with lady-like step to meet you. Not a wrinkle to be seen on that forehead, though sixty-two years have passed over it. The face is still beautiful with a girlish beauty, and the eyes bright and happy. A few gray hairs only are visible. She apologizes for the want of a reception-room. But you feel in your heart that she looks more beautiful in that smoky kitchen, built right against the wall of the Cæsar's tomb. She conducts you at once to the dormitory. Fifteen beds, with snowy covers, are arranged around the walls. Over each bed hangs a small crucifix. At each bed sits an old woman, who is either knitting or saying her rosary. A few of them are so old and feeble that they sit there dozing, and talking to themselves, like tired children before a warm fire. They look clean and cozy. All wear high caps and large white kerchiefs, which go around the neck and across on the breast. As you enter those who are able arise and courtesy, and moving up to their little mother kiss her hand reverentially. There is a long table in the middle of the room, and seventeen places are laid. That place at the head of the table is Maria Angela's. A book lies open beside her plate, and if you take the trouble of looking at it, you will find that it is the Italian edition of Father Rodriguez's work on Christian perfection. Her own apartment consists of a little corner, divided off from

the dormitory by a wooden partition. In it are two beds, and a box of drawers. One of the beds, that in the darkest corner, is the mother's. That near the window is the oldest child's, just gone ninety-three. The mother informs you that she has taken Betta in there because she is simple, and quite unable to do anything for herself. The old lady is possessed with the idea that the Pope is Pius VII, and that Napoleon I still occupies Rome.

"She is not far from the truth," says Maria Angela. "God bless these newcomers, for he permitted them to come into this city."

Her brother lives in a little apartment across the courtyard. His pension and the charity of a few strangers support the establishment.

We forget the chapel. It is a little room adjoining the dormitory. The mother takes pride in showing the vestments and altar-cloths made by Lady Herbert, and tells you that, at his last visit, Cardinal Manning said mass for them there. A priest from the church of San Carlo, on the Corso, says mass on Sunday.

Of late Maria Angela has had new troubles. Her brother was stricken with apoplexy about a year ago, from which he has only partially recovered. But even in this she finds an occasion to rejoice, for the Lord has left him the use of his senses.

All in all, we believe that the happiest woman in all Rome is the little heroine in the brown serge dress, who is at this moment cooking in the smoky kitchen built right against the wall of the mausoleum of Cæsar Augustus.

MRS. MORTIMER'S TONGUE.

To society, she was like one of those beautiful cats, of which ladies, verging towards an "uncertain age," love to make pets; coat of satin, paws of velvet, no hint of claw perceivable; lovely, beseeching eyes, no shadow of feline cruelty betraying itself; mouth and nose pink and clean as a roseleaf, no capability of tearing to pieces, poor, helpless prey, seeming to be latent therein; sleek, inimitably striped sides and back, no suspicion of tendency to rise, and swell, and become terrible in deadly anger, appearing possible; a creature to lie on velvet cushions, and feed on milk, and dainty meats, and be petted, and admired, and praised; a creature purring, and rubbing its soft self against you, and pleading for love with almost human intelligence in its luminous, gentle, insinuating eyes. So it is permitted, with footfall like touch of feather upon tufted carpet, to pervade parlor, and boudoir, and study; to sun itself in bay-windows, where flowers bloom; to glide unsuspected into the very heart of the material household. And, some day, when no one is watching the petted and beautiful tiger in miniature, with tiger nature pervading this noiseless and winning and altogether velvety presence, the golden songster which charmed all hearts with its gushing melody, becomes its prey. Poor, little, tender bird! confined in gilded cage, whose delicate wires could hold it in relentless captivity, but could not guard it against the claws protruding from the shallow velvet—simple as its tiny possession of life, what pen or tongue could describe its overpowering terror, when it vainly strove to escape the fatal clutch. Ah! a broken wing; a feather or two, stained with blood—these are all that remain, to tell the

darling warbler's fate—these, and the empty cage.

So in society went about Mrs. Mortimer, with figurative footstep of feathery lightness; so pervaded she the mental boudoirs, and studies, and inner chambers of society; so purred she, to admiring, unsuspecting listeners; so besought her sweet glances entrance into unconscious hearts; and so tenderly rubbed she the glossy coat of her apparently gentle nature, against pleased and unguarded ones. And so, always, always, came a day when the tiger nature under all this asserted itself, and the cherished possession sacrificed to its ruthless claws, was a reputation. Mrs. Mortimer's "I would not like to say," was the deadly thrust of the hitherto concealed claw, latent in velvet seclusion—unsparingly, it entered the bright cage set round, mayhap, with golden wires of love, and constructed for safety alone; quickly it wrought its work; never again could the slain bird lift its voice in song, never plume its golden wing for flight, and love, the empty cage, all that remained to thee.

Mrs. Mortimer was beautiful, of course. Her face was as fair as ease and freedom from anxious thought of any kind, joined to successful toilet art, could make it; that is, the skin was fair, with a soft touch of rose revealing itself in proper places. Men called her hair "glorious," and her eyes "divine;" that is, the men who gathered in devotion round the social shrine, where she was worshipped. Heretics outside had been heard to call her irreverently a "Dutch doll," or a "Prattling parrot;" but then they were people who were not "received," or, indeed, known in the circle of which she was an ornament.

Mrs. Mortimer was conversational;

that is, she talked a great deal without, after all, saying very much. Even to her most enslaved worshippers, it was often a matter of profound wonder, how for hours they had listened to her facile tongue, and how they could really recall nothing of all she said, that would very well bear repetition. But this they accounted for, by the fact, that they were so charmed with the bewitching smiles, and the altogether overpowering glances accompanying this fascinating conversation, that they could not remember its exact phases of fascination. The fault, then, lay in their memories, not in, forbid it, heaven! her powers of mind.

But above and beyond all this, Mrs. Mortimer was charming. She even charmed her own sex. Not in her beauty, nor yet in her conversation, lay the charm; it was softly held ready for conquest in her manner. So great was its power, people had been known to meet Mrs. Mortimer, prepared to hate her, and come out of the ordeal confessed adorers of her perfections. So unerring was its influence, that the person had yet to be found who had not been won over by it. So sure its hold, that its victims, even when writhing under the wounds inflicted by Mrs. Mortimer's tongue, would not believe she was the inflicter. This manner, which thus won all hearts, was of the airy and radiant and ecstatic kind. She met you on all occasions with it ready to disarm or enchant, as the case might be, and the true secret of its success lay in the fact, that, by some curious spell entirely her own, this manner was so arranged as to make you feel that all its ecstasy and radiance and inimitable airiness were due to you; that *you* called it into play, and that *you* made its owner happy by the light of your presence. Made Mrs. Mortimer happy! Could any human heart help feeling flattered? Ah! flattered, to all intents and pur-

poses, means conquered. So, "by thousands," did Mrs. Mortimer count the vanquished in the social field. Who "fell down and adored" her!

It was Mrs. Mortimer's day for receiving calls—the day when, informally, her world was made aware of the fact that she was "at home;" the day of all others when characters lay in ruins at her feet, and names precious to their owners as life itself were sacrificed without hesitation. Nothing could be more faultless than the picture presented by the spectacle of Mrs. Mortimer seated in the recesses of her boudoir, where birds sang and flowers bloomed, and fragrance rested on the air, though outside winter reigned supreme. And persons entering were incited to compare the place to paradise itself, and to consider its exquisitely costumed mistress the personification of unalloyed and well-deserved bliss.

"How charmed I am to see you, dearest Mrs. Whyte; I wished so much for you to call to-day!" This ecstatically to a visitor just ushered in.

"Thank you, Mrs. Mortimer; you are very kind."

"Yes, do you know I have been in such anxiety about your sweet Cornelia since I heard the story going the rounds!"

"Gracious! My Cornelia! What story can it be?"

"Oh, you have not heard it! Then I had better say nothing."

"On the contrary, you will relieve me very much by saying all you know, since in your opinion it concerns her."

"Well, it is of George Hazlitt, and you know what concerns him," with the sweetest of smiles, "concerns her now."

"Certainly; but what is it?"

"I really do not like to say, dearest Mrs. Whyte. Please do not compel me to be the bearer of unwelcome tidings, which, after all, may not be true."

"Nay, Mrs. Mortimer; your kind

concern for me in the matter makes me wish that you of all others should tell me; therefore speak. That George Hazlitt and Cornelia are betrothed the world knows, but if any suspicion of unworthiness rests at his door, it is only kindness that she should be warned in time."

"Well, remember, please, that I only 'tell the tale as 'twas told to me.'"

Now Mrs. Mortimer had taken, so to speak, her two favorite preparatory springs, viz., "I do not like to say"—which had been known to mean everything calumnious under the sun—and "I only 'tell the tale as 'twas told to me,'" which invariably shifted the odium of the calumny on to the shoulders of the former tellers, who, it may most certainly be believed, existed like the famous "Mrs. Harris" of Mrs. Gamp's acquaintance, in the realms of imagination alone, and so she was ready for the fatal blow.

"George Hazlitt, it is said, has disappeared under—well the kindest thing that can be spoken about it is to call them—very unsatisfactory circumstances."

Of course Mrs. Whyte is overpowered at first, then—

"But I must know the circumstances, Mrs. Mortimer; what are they? He was at my house last night, happy and open-hearted, and frank as man could be. Perhaps there is some mistake."

"I fear not, my dearest Mrs. Whyte," and softly the purring voice completes the hidden work; "of course I only repeat what I have heard with sorrow, on account of your dear Cornelia; but things *look* very much against George Hazlitt. And dear me," falling back against soft cushions, with a melancholy air of wounded morality edifying to look upon, "to think how we all praised and admired and looked up to George Hazlitt, and how we considered him the best match going, and now—"

"But I am in suspense. You have not told me, remember."

"True; forgive me. I was so absorbed in considering the delusion we were all under regarding him, and how consequently we helped to draw dear Cornelia into her present very embarrassing condition, that—"

"Please, Mrs. Mortimer, relieve me! What were the circumstances of George's disappearance?"

"Well, he was missed from his place of business, and, on inquiry being made at his boarding-house, could not be found there. Then it was discovered that he left on a very early train this morning in company with a lady! At least a person answering to his description did so. Later in the day it was found that yesterday he parted with very valuable property of his for half its worth, and heaven only knows where it may end!"

"Where what may end? You cannot think he—"

"I do not like to say what I think, dearest Mrs. Whyte. *Other people* think some very dishonorable business proceeding lies under all this. You know he rose wonderfully quick, from a poor office-boy to a rich speculator, and, for my part, I never trust too much to those over-steady young men, whose conduct is beyond nature itself, as his was."

"But, Mrs. Mortimer, he was always the merriest of the merry amongst young people."

"Ah! indeed. Well, no one can blame you, no matter what comes of it, dearest Mrs. Whyte. The whole world considered you the most prudent of mothers in securing such a match for Cornelia, as he *appeared* to be, and it will only be considered your misfortune, and an undeserved one at that, that you were mistaken. Cheer up," seeing the ready tears in the overwhelmed mother's eyes, "nay, you are exhausted by this emotion. Let me ring for a glass of wine for you."

Strengthened by which, Mrs. Whyte finds herself enabled to proceed to her carriage, and instead of pursuing a round of pleasant visits, as she had intended, returns home to wound to the core as sweet and gentle and pure a heart as ever throbbled in maiden's bosom.

There are many Mrs. Mortimers in the world, and if you, my dear reader, do not possess one in your own particular circle, then you are a resuscitation of the defunct Fortunatus himself. Amongst these, however, such is the ordinary lack of retribution this world holds for them, few meet with the judgment which fell upon this particular Mrs. Mortimer, in the case I record, chaining that facile tongue of hers, so that, for all time, at least, it could neither wound nor destroy.

If you had asked her, after Mrs. Whyte's sad departure from her mansion, a question, that lady, in her horror and astonishment, had failed to propose, viz., what was her authority for this singular story which spoke loudly against the reputation of a man hitherto judged deserving of the most profound respect from every one with whom he came in contact, you might or might not have received the following solution. Whether or not, it was the true one.

Said Mrs. Mortimer's maid to her that morning, when decking her for conquest :

"I heard something queer about Mr. George Hazlitt, ma'am. I guess I may tell it to you, fur ye'll not mention it."

"Certainly not, Melinda."

"Why, he's gone off, ma'am ! 'skipped,' as the sayin' goes. I always did think he was too good for a *young* man."

"What do you mean by 'skipped,' Melinda?"

"Oh ! you know, ma'am. Didn't tell nobody, an' had his own reasons o' course."

"Who told you?"

"Why, ma'am, if you don't mention it, the p'liceman on this beat, he drops into the kitchen to warm himself, sometimes, an' if there's a bit o' news a-goin', he tells us. But he wouldn't like to have it mentioned."

"No ; well?"

"He says every one was a lookin' for Mr. George Hazlitt this mornin', an' 'taint no use, for he seen him go 'way on the early train with a lady. But then he aint goin' to tell. Mr. Hazlitt giv him many a lift, an' got him his good berth, an' he aint goin' to set people on his track, if he's a-tryin' to git off fur any good reasons uv his own."

"Dear me ! And you say he had a lady with him."

"Yes, ma'am, with a black crape veil down over her face, an' dressed in deep black. An' he says he heard men on the street wonderin' yesterday why Mr. Hazlitt parted with some uv his property awful cheap. An' if *you* put that an' that together, ma'am, it looks bad. But don't mention it, ma'am. Time 'ill tell."

Whereupon proceeded Mrs. Mortimer to receive her visitors, and Melinda to overlook her costume for the evening. And Mrs. Mortimer's "mention" of it grew to such flourishing proportions that, by evening, it was public property, passing from gossiping tongues of women returning home from their round of calls, to equally (though not professedly so), irrepressible tongues of men, from which latter it found its way into the evening dailies, and tossed about by all these, it had become so transformed, that finally the "authorities" considered it necessary to send a detective on the track of the supposed runaway, who met him with undismayed countenance, but refused to return with him ; which, being considered the climax of guilty conduct on his part, the "authorities" dispatched orders for him to

be detained for twenty-four hours, awaiting further orders by mail. All the result of Mrs. Mortimer's "mention."

Now Mrs. Mortimer had an appurtenance not "received" in society on any occasion, because he ignored its existence, to all intents and purposes, and this was a Mr. Mortimer, who "kept up" the establishment of which she was so fitting an ornament, and who rejoiced in the title of her husband; a man absorbed in business, and not known to be capable of absorption in anything else; a man of faultlessly systematic habits and few words; a man who looked upon his establishment and his wife as mere adjuncts to his own splendor, and was rewarded by finding them "only this and nothing more." All he wanted them to do was to look well, and this they did with the aid of the "mighty dollar." But his counting-house was his paradise; his reputation as a sharp and successful financier his god; and his accumulation of capital the only known end of existence to him. Of emotion regarding anything but this he seemed incapable; "iron-clad" the men on 'change' figuratively styled him, and as regarded heart or feeling, "iron-clad" he truly was; coated over with the hardness of avarice, and frozen with coldness of greed. There were stories afloat, that this was not alone the result of money-getting; that a dark episode in his past had first produced it, but no one knew the truth or falsehood of these, and he pursued his golden path to fortune untouched by them.

Now Mrs. Mortimer, in her airiest mood, and quite unconscious of the magnitude of the task achieved by her tongue that day, stood, just at the hour when her star began to rise above the horizon of society's firmament, viewing herself in a magnificent mirror previous to stepping into her carriage for departure to a

scene of splendor whereof she was to be the brightest luminary. She was a triumph of Melinda's art, and a blazing witness of Mr. Mortimer's wealth, and a proud embodiment of her own extravagance of outlay in dress, and that was about all. Her dress of wonderful tint wherein every shimmer and fold seemed to hold captive the light from the hearts of rubies, was caught up here and there by flowers whose petals were pearls, and whose leaves emeralds crusted with gold. Her ermine cloak was held over her beautiful shoulders by clasps of diamonds, and her hair considered so "glorious" in society for its "rich and rare" golden hue, was held in place by a coronet of gems a queen might not only envy, but envy in vain. Gems, gems, from crown of proudly held head to very tip of dainty foot poised for the outward step, and under them, as under some pyre of baleful light, she lay, ten minutes later, a senseless stricken heap! For to the picture she saw of herself in the mirror—mirror of fabulous price for so ghastly a use—advanced a dreadful shape, a shape that might have been her husband, if he could have died since last she saw him, and after encountering the blight of the grave, have risen with this upon him to confront her. Nearer, nearer to her came this dreadful shape, reflected in the crystal deep, a razor in one hand, a paper in the other—the paper it flung into her rouged and powdered face; the razor it drew across its own quivering throat, quivering with its last dreadful laugh, a laugh that never, never could cease to haunt any one hearing it, a laugh accompanied by the cry:

"My blood be upon the cursed, cursed tongues that have lied about George Hazlitt!"

Horrible! The relentless mirror reflected it all, and in a moment more reflected the awful picture of the man, weltering in his blood, dead upon the velvet carpet; and

the woman, a mass of jewels, and laces, and silk, and appalling ghastliness glaring out of all, quite as accurately! Never could mind of man have conceived so dreadful a picture of the littleness of earthly splendor, and the greatness of death's mysterious rule as that presented in dual aspect to the horror-stricken crowd who soon collected there. If any one circumstance added an unparalleled climax to its peculiar horror, it was the bright, cruel mirror, with its unerring fidelity of reproduction. Strong men stood so overwhelmed before it, that they could neither speak nor move to find its cause; a thunderbolt could not have stunned them more effectually for the time being. At last one raised the woman, with rigid face and glassy eyes, strange to say, wide open, and seeing the fatal paper, handed it to another, who read:

"It will be too late. Take precautions for the worst.

"GEORGE HAZLITT."

It was a telegraphic dispatch, duly addressed to the man lying dead before them, and underneath, in his own cramped, stiff handwriting, well known to many of them, was written:

"To the man who sent the above. I have found the worst—death. You would have saved me, but a woman's tongue has foiled us both.

"ASA MORTIMER."

They were a crowd of faultlessly costumed gentlemen, come to attend their goddess to the scene of her triumphs. They stood helpless and stricken before the scene of her fall, and might have remained so for time indescribable as to length, but that upon it came a vision of life and grace and purity unutterable—a vision of a young girl standing a moment on the threshold, with aspect of joy and hope that seemed like some miracle to the wondering lookers-on, and then fluttered over it,

and knelt beside Mrs. Mortimer, with heavenly pity beaming out of the eyes.

"I came with good news for her, that Mr. Hazlitt has telegraphed he is safe," murmured the gentlest of voices; "we must rouse her, so that she can hear it." So she began to chafe the woman's cold hands, and, seeing that she did not perceive the other dreadful heap away from which they had lifted this apparently lifeless body, some one silently hid it from sight under the gaudy veil of an embroidered piano-cover. Her utter unconsciousness of the fearful fact was more touching to them than the most pathetic display of emotion could have been. In a few minutes, finding her efforts in vain to restore the woman to consciousness:

"Please call some servant," she said; "restoratives must be had."

They looked at each other. "We should have done it long ago," they whispered.

"My mother is at the door in the carriage," she said then; "please call her, too."

So both requests were obeyed, and the unconscious burden carried up and laid on a bed of down with coverlets of wonderful price, and its poor gauds stripped from it, and there it lay virtually a living corpse, incapable of motion, or speech, or sense. And on each side of it, keeping faithful and kind watch, sat the young girl and her mother, the people it had striven to make wretched, now strangely decreed to be all who stood by it in its extremity, Mrs. Whyte and her daughter Cornelia. Below the dead held awful sway, and over all hung a mystery no one could fathom.

II.

AFTER many hours came George Hazlitt, with power to unveil the woful secret. Being summoned by the "authorities," the unveiling had to be more or less public. It unfolded itself in this wise:

Extract from the Daily Journal.

In the strange case of Mr. George Hazlitt, called as witness on the Coroner's inquest held on the body of Mr. Asa Mortimer, supposed to have killed himself at his own residence last night, the following was the testimony :

George Hazlitt (sworn).

Did you leave town on an early train yesterday morning?

Witness. I did.

In company with a lady?

Witness. Yes.

Who was that lady?

Witness. The mother of one of my clerks, who was summoned by a dispatch to the deathbed of a relative, and whom I met by chance in the depot and took under my care.

Where were you going?

Witness. To P——.

On what business?

Witness. To save the hitherto honored name of Mr. Mortimer from threatened disgrace.

Of what nature?

Witness. He had gone beyond his depth in a speculation, and, to retrieve himself, put his name to paper he could not redeem. I sold out some property at a sacrifice, and went

on to obtain a compromise. Being detained on some unaccountable suspicion, I was too late, and to this I attribute his death.

What was your motive for sacrificing your property thus?

Witness. Simply gratitude. I began life with him as a poor office-boy, and I could not see him go under without an effort to save him. From some to me entirely unaccountable misapprehension regarding my sudden departure his cause is lost; but, if I had been allowed to proceed on my journey, I could have saved him. The next mail will bring news of his financial disgrace that will corroborate my testimony.

Which it did, astonishing the "length and breadth of the land," and carrying consternation to many circles wherein Mrs. Mortimer's name had never entered.

She never spoke again. She lived for years a hopeless, senseless paralytic, and died unconscious of death itself. She was supported to the end by the bounty of George Hazlitt, who became a happy husband and father, the cloud her tongue had temporarily cast between them being the only one ever known to interfere with him and his betrothed.

LIFE'S LITTLE DAY.

HOPES, like dewdrops, pearl its morning,
 Airy visions, fancies gay;
 Soon they fade, youth's dreamland scorning,
 Purpose grows as grows the day.

Work and toil comes swiftly, aching
 Brows, tired hands, and riven hearts;
 And the soul weds Right, forsaking
 Pleasure's wiles for tears and smarts.

Onwards creep long twilight shadows;
 Fairest suns must seek the west;
 Glories die from flower-bright meadows,
 Then comes night, and with it Rest.

"THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS."

ONE of the greatest errors relative to the nature of the Redemption introduced by the "Reformers," was the fact avowed that the mere knowledge of Christian doctrines sufficed, "man is saved by faith alone." It is true, indeed, that the practices of the various sects did not long accord with this theory; for each new religious leader prescribed a mode of worship adapted to his own conceits or fancy. The sacramental system of the Catholic Church was denounced as superstitious; a human contrivance burdensome to man, and valueless, or positively injurious to salvation. Sacraments may be abolished in name; but they must be retained in either a mutilated or newly devised shape, by every society calling itself Christian. That this has been done, with what results the world has seen, is made evident to any one who reflects on Protestant disciplines and ordinances, and is not easily imposed on by mere names. People may term Baptism a sacrament or an "ordinance," but if they claim that this "ordinance," as this sacrament, is necessary to salvation, founding their belief on the same scriptural text, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter the kingdom of God," John, chap. 3, v. 5, they make essentially the same claim; and advocate the one as the other the necessity of sacraments. Whatever is pretended it is yet clear that all church organizations have the reason of their existence, as religious institutions, on the pretence or special right of bestowing, through some channel, the supernatural gift of grace. If men can be as good, as virtuous, and as well instructed in spiritual concerns without as within a church, then the disciplinary restrictions and enactments of churches are usurpations

and human arrogance. Looking at religion from the Protestant standpoint, the words of the infidel Gibbon ought and do find realization even in Christianity. His reason for the theory of Rome's tolerance, in those ancient days, of all kinds of paganism, is very singular, and removes all claims it could have for the admiration of other nations and other times. He says of the various modes of worship, that all were considered "by the people as equally true; by the philosopher, as equally false; and by the magistrate, as equally useful." Chap. 2, Dec. and Fall. For if a church be merely a social arrangement, as on the acknowledged basis of private judgment it can be nothing else, then as long as people adhere to the various sects they are to them equally true; and the philosopher and statesman may regard them according to their peculiar humors. The "emotional religion" of the materialistic professor is founded on such a view of the matter, and advocated merely as a help to render society more law-abiding and less turbulent. The favorite aphorism of Erastianism, and statesmen are now with hardly an exception Erastian, arises from the same conception of ecclesiasticism. The philosophers and statesmen of the hour are too apt to look on the mass of the people, from whom the advantages of education, the endowments of nature, or the political current has raised them, much in the same way as the Roman patrician regarded the plebeian populace of the republic. Anything, whether rational or irrational, that will keep them quiet and unalterably firm in their allegiance, the object most sought, is encouraged, just as toys are given to spoiled children. Notions of justice beyond the conve-

nience of the state to practice, or conscientious scruples about any matter of civil polity, are alone denominated superstitious and intolerable by the ruling faction or body by whatever name called.

But notwithstanding the governmental theory of religion, the people will not and do not accept things religious as simple social affairs, made to keep them in due subordination to the laws. Whilst in great part it is true, that the multitudes are but illy calculated to examine the groundwork of religious teachings, and satisfy themselves of the authority on which any particular form of belief rests, it is very certain they are cognizant of the principle that any religious creed which is of purely human formation is not worthy of respect, and can claim from them homage of neither head nor heart. Whatever may be thought of the motives of credibility, or the reasoning on which a formula of faith is supported, it is accepted as such by its professors on the supposition that it is of divine origin. Infidel philosophers, and infidel statesmen, flatter themselves that they can contrive a religious system on rational principles or state considerations, and no doubt they can do so, but their intellectual instruments will fail in gaining anything like a national acceptance. The discursive faculty even in the untutored savage is very considerable; and not at all so much inferior to the developed brain of the civilized infidel as this latter, in his extreme vanity, predicates. Most men may not have ingenuity enough to devise a logical or sophistic code of precepts; but they are competent to weigh and determine the reasonableness or improbability of all kinds of theories touching the variegated duties of man. The fact that there is a command to preach Christianity to all nations, assures the Christian that this discernment is a prerogative of human nature. The innumerable failures standing on record against

the efforts of infidelity, show how vain are the boastings of those self-sufficient men. It is possible to make atheists of the citizens of any land; but it is not possible to cause them to embrace any set of religious tenets when they are aware that a mortal like themselves framed them. Every effort is insane which begins by removing the divine origin of religion; and hopes when this is effected to substitute some other of a professedly lower source. The attempt to rob man of what he loves and reveres, and force him to accept what he will not receive, and cannot but despise, will prove fruitless and utterly barren. Intellectual pride blinds man to his own weakness and defects, far more thoroughly than pride of any other description, and hence we find the extravagances of philosophers a theme of ridicule to every generation. The lust of power, or the love of pre-eminence very frequently causes the ruler to forget that both his title and his privilege are but the insignia of a high and inviolable trust; and hence we find rebellions and conspiracies, in every age, upsetting the despot and usurper. A civil religion, or a philosophic one, is the dream of a political madman; the delirium of an unwise and inconsiderate sophist. Many suppose that paganism was of human invention, but nothing is more untrue. It was a divine religion corrupted and deformed. Mohammedanism, though devised by Mohammed, it is needless to say pretends likewise a superhuman and celestial authority.

There is no question but statesmen and philosophers view Protestantism aright in giving it a merely human sanction. This is all it can claim, logically, in its constitution and enactments. Men, without divine aid or direction, the warranty of Nature, or the ordination of Revelation, originated it. Their error consists in supposing that it is so received by the people who profess it. To those who embrace it, the

matter has a different and more exalted beginning. They hold to it, at least those of them who are sincere in their profession, believing it to be the very same doctrine which Christ taught. There are many palpable and insurmountable obstacles and conclusive arguments against this pretension, but they are either unknown or ignored by its adherents. Whether the claim be a just one, as in the case of the Jews under the Old Law and the Catholics under the New; or a mere delusion as instanced by the pagans, Mohammedans, and heretics, religion, in order to be accepted of men, must show a theistic origin. This is a wonderful provision of nature or rather of nature's God; and is the first proof not only of the possibility but of the necessity of revelation. All religions agree in this point, though they may differ in every other. It is a great mark of the absence of true wisdom in any man, no matter what his fame or reputation, should he deem it practicable to promulgate anything as religion whilst denying or renouncing communication with the Deity. The false teachers, who have deluded any portion of the human family, could instruct those philosophic and political religionists in their own astute wisdom.

The spirit of Christianity, more than that of any other form of religion that ever existed on this earth, demands this full and primal acknowledgment: Not by prophecy, inspiration, vision, dream, or other chosen instrumentality, but by God made man, living among men, and like unto men in every respect, except sinfulness, was Christianity introduced into the world. It, therefore, allows of no tampering or modifying. Its doctrines may tax the submission of the human mind, and its morals may grieve human propensities, but to cast a doubt on the one, or to relax the other, is to adulterate it. Never has man attempted to improve the principles, doctrines,

and morality, or the method of perpetuating them established by Christ, that a deterioration in all did not soon succeed the project. Men have so endeavored, and apparently for a season with success, but the inevitable evils grew up by process of time. The innumerable heresies, most of which are now forgotten, or known to history alone, were such efforts. Those that still live in the lives and actions of men will one day, too, be catalogued with that interminable series of vain and impious undertakings. Accidental concurrences generated the errors; and when these are interrupted or destroyed, the errors die. The historical past unmistakably witnesses this peculiar feature of human infirmity.

Among the many Christian institutions brought into disrepute by the "reforming" party of the sixteenth century, the Catholic sacramentary suffered most. Two out of the seven sacraments were alone, even partially, retained; and now those two, or, better, the fragments of them that still survive, mean nothing and are fast falling into desuetude. Protestantism is working itself out of its scant Christian habiliments into the cold and shapeless nudity of infidelity. But though they disclaimed the other sacraments, they still retained them under altered names. They practiced the "*rites*" of confirmation or "sealing," ordination or the "imposition of hands," funeral obsequies, matrimonial unions; and, though most ridiculed, berated, and scoffed at, they yet used and claimed the power of forgiving sins. What calumnies, what misrepresentations, what slanders, and what blasphemies have not been showered on this grandest and most essentially Christian grace and privilege!

If Christianity is to be regarded as anything more than a fine theory—an intellectual web marvellous in its conception, or a fantasy of the imagination—it must have in it personal appliances and adaptabilities.

Theories, that are entirely such as the Republic of Plato, the Utopia of More, and the Oceana of Harrington, may command the admiration of the scholar, but beyond the horizon of the academy they are utterly disregarded. No one, except an incurable dreamer and visionary, would persist, after a very short experience, in an effort to construct a commonwealth on their cherished and embellished principles. Another creation, with new intellectual beings, is the prime and choice essential to their practicability. That Christianity is no such theory is evidenced in a christianized world. It is pre-eminently personal and practical. But as all personal matters add to or detract something from the person, so in a like manner, Christianity must have added or taken away something from man. It did both: it added special graces; and, as an indispensable preparation for this addition, it took away sin. The removal of sin is, consequently, the first trait and faculty of practical Christianity. It need not be subjoined that sin and grace cannot coexist in the soul, or that the soul is born into a sinful state; for these are Christian axioms believed by all who receive as divine the truths that Revelation teaches. Thus is Christianity in its first application to man's soul shown to consist of a cleansing property—the obliteration of original sin. But men commit sin after this regeneration, for St. John says: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us" (1 Ep. ch. i). Christianity would be imperfect, unless it provided a remedy for this after-sin, or actual sin, as it is named. Men dying in grievous sin cannot be saved; and hence Christianity would fail in its object of securing salvation to men if it did not afford a means of purging out sins as they are committed; for men may die at any moment. Death does not await the accepted time or season of salvation, but comes like a thief in the

night. This uncertainty attending the visitation of death was not unknown to the Divine Founder of Christianity, and consequently He must have made provision to meet it. Besides, the graces of Christianity are intended to elevate man, and give him the mastery over his grovelling inclinations. Grace follows grace as sin does sin. But if there were no means of removing sin, when, through the weakness or neglect of the person, it has gained domination over the soul, then, though Christian graces abound and superabound, they could not reach that stained soul, and would be to it as if they were not. The efficacy of the Christian system is thus shown to depend entirely, in practice, on the pardoning power which must of necessity belong to it.

Looked at under any other aspect Christianity becomes latitudinarian nonsense or contracted absurdity. If it is stated, as some hold, that the sacred death on Calvary blotted out all sin present at that time in the world, or possible in the succeeding years, then man cannot but be saved; and the apostles and the martyrs would have died to no purpose. This theory assumes that men now in the world, or who lived a few decades ago, understand, or understood, better than the apostles, the nature of the grand consummation, which needs but to be indicated to arouse contempt. Those, on the other hand, who maintain that the mere knowledge of Christianity brings with it the desired pardon, are forced to support an absurd position, that man is forgiven whilst he is sinning; or in other words, that a person with such knowledge may be a Pagan or miscreant in his works, thoughts, and words. These two extremes removed on account of their impossibility, it remains certain that the great active principle of Christianity, without which it would remain ineffective, is the "forgiveness of sins," as it is termed in the apostolic symbol.

It may be said that it was an exercise of this power by the Catholic Church which furnished Luther with a pretext for unfurling the banner of revolt. It is well known that the sale of "indulgences" was the rallying cry of the "Reformers." Whilst it is possible there may have been some excesses, it is certain that it was neither the intention nor laws of the Church that caused them; but the ignorant and unwarranted credulity of the people, or the base faithlessness of the dispensers. The Church has branded with infamy from her earliest days such abuses, and named them in horror Simony, after that arch-heretic Simon Magus, who tried to purchase from Saints Peter and John the gifts of the Holy Ghost. (Acts, chap. viii, v. 18.) Heavy penalties and severe censures frown on the sacrilegious wretch who should indulge his appetite for lucre by the sale of sacred things—sacraments or sacramentals.

The intemperate declamations yet uttered against the Christian power of forgiving sins would lead one to suppose that the sects from whose pulpits these utterances are hurled totally repudiated such a power. But nothing is more remote from the fact. It may seem a strange assertion to make, but this paper has for its object to show that the Protestant sects with which we are acquainted all use a far more unlimited and unqualified power than the one duly and incontestably claimed by the Catholic Church. Those extremely fanatical bodies of men who have an inward assurance that they are the special and beloved people of God deem themselves incapable of sin, and may, therefore, be well passed over in this or any other investigation. Protestantism for the present purpose can be divided into two phases, the early developments, Episcopalianism and Presbyterianism, and the modern divisions embraced in the somewhat indefinite and unmeaning term Evangelicalism.

It is needless to state that rigid Calvinism held the most repulsive theory of predestination. It taught that men could not fall from grace, and that those moral delinquencies of which the favored sons of "Presbytery" were guilty were not imputed to them. Of course none were the "called of God" but such as joined in conventicle psalmody. Whoever then subscribed the "confession" was at once pronounced free from his past derelictions, and not only that but free also from the future ones as long as he remained attached to the "covenant." This is rather an unlimited privilege of granting pardon to the sinner. The man may do unseemly actions, but his right thinking will cover all. This pardoning power is referred to God, but "Presbytery" claimed, and still claims, the peculiar office of determining it, either bestowing or withholding. In other words Presbyterianism extends to those illumined and favored by its doctrines the fullest pardon conceivable for past, present, and future sins.

Some features of Episcopalianism never entirely rejected sacramental absolution. It allowed and even counselled "confession" of the auricular kind in "extremis." But even viewed from the level of the low churchman, its power of forgiving sins is, indeed, extensive. Where belief in original sin still exists it claims the power of wiping it away; where the preachers have succeeded in destroying that belief, it is evident they not only could remove but have eradicated this sin, in one fell swoop, both from the souls of their auditors and those of their progeny. Moreover, regular adult members of Episcopalianism all possess the power of forgiving sins. The preparation for the communion service supposes that all who are about to participate "purge" their consciences from sin by a private acknowledgment to God. This is in fact to make every one his own con-

fessor, with the right of judging his own dispositions, compunction, and resolution; and then of pronouncing himself absolved. Though it may seem inconsistent with this self-pardoning prerogative, yet the "minister" can refuse the "elements" to those whom he adjudges unworthy. Thus are there two conflicting agents, the one justifying the private conscience, and the other sometimes condemning the public one, or otherwise concurring in the self-absolution. These older forms of Protestantism are constantly harping on "confession to God alone," as if the deity could be ignorant of man's perversity in any instance, and did not enjoin confession solely to make man more conscious of his infirm state, his constant need of God's succoring hand to keep him from falling into sin, and thus into the jaws of eternal death.

It may not appear so, but it is evident, on a comparison, that "Evangelicism," or the practices of revivalism, now so widespread, is at once the furthest development the Protestant theory is capable of, and a reversion from its leading trait,—freedom of worship. The various forms into which the religious ferment of the first Protestants shaped itself, retained some positive doctrines which they held essential to the great work of salvation. Evangelicism has done with teaching of every kind. In this way private judgment has its longest rein, and swings loosely from notion to notion, or opinion to opinion. But what it has lost in doctrine it more than supplies by most arrogant and exclusive discipline. It is, in other words, the same creed which the old sect of Independents miscalled "liberty of conscience." They taught that a man could believe what he pleased, but should conform to the mode of worship the stronger party in the state had set up. To sincere, conscientious, and self-respecting people, it need not be said this is the most

odious of all religious supremacies, and is the compulsory system, with an attempted or lame excuse, which is no excuse at all. Men may be driven to houses of worship by bayonets or dragooned into conformity, but further human power cannot go. Only the most absurd of men would claim credit for allowing what they could not impede. Whilst Evangelicalists do not compel attendance, because they cannot so do, they nevertheless enforce the strictest observance of their special disciplines on those who hearken to them. The worst feature of the matter is that their disciplinary arrangements are not fixed or stable, and may receive at conference or association retrenchments, alterations or additions from year to year. What is lawful this year may be forbidden and unlawful the next, as fanatical rigidity, or soft, good nature predominates in the composition of those annual assemblies. What and how great are the innovations and changes, through emulation of the Catholic Church, introduced into meeting-house furniture, architecture, and decorum within the last decade, are truly wonderful and unaccountable to those who were bred to another set of notions prevalent earlier in this century.

The ruling spirit of those places of yearly deliberation is not so much confined by the moral relations of any question as by its social aspects; and hence these fluctuations of sentiment interdict or promote the enforcement of a special enactment. No man, who looks at things in a purely moral light, will be found to assert that the social pastime, when properly conducted, of certain modes of dancing, is more immoral, or even as much so as the immodest "romps" indulged in the domestic gatherings of certain "Evangelicals." Yet the indulgence of the one forfeits membership, whilst the other is rather encouraged. The reason of the prohibition in the one case and the

license in the other is, therefore, not on moral considerations, but because it tallies with what was some years back a ruling social conventionalism. New appellations, new customs, and even novel ideas in religion, are thus introduced from time to time without causing dissatisfaction or disunion to any great extent. Of all the sects that were constructed out of the débris of Christianity, snatched to itself by Protestantism, these Evangelical folk are the least conservative. They proclaim and pretend to a power of forgiving sins surpassing the reach of the human mind.

The very atmosphere surrounding the "mourner's bench" (in these last days styled "*altar*") is pregnant with the virtue of absolution. Every law of justice and restitution is there suspended. A man may come within that magic circle loaded down with the spoils of robbery, speculation, and criminal practices, and, after a feigned or real manifestation of sorrow or joy (either will satisfy), he returns to his own house assured that salvation is within his reach, though he still fattens on unholy plunder. All his sins are rubbed out, though widow and orphan are undergoing the cruel pangs of hunger, owing to his malpractices, whilst he himself is rolling in luxury and smiling at the rosy prospect of a grace that comes so opportunely with a warrant that his villainies are now transformed into virtues. Who in this broad land has not witnessed such miraculous transformations? There is no other process known to man through which sinners, without divesting themselves of their vices or their ill-gotten goods, become all on a sudden saints. One thing alone is needed, "change of heart." That said to be present, the preacher pronounces the fullest quittance. To this astounding length is the "power of forgiving sins" carried during life; but when life is about to become extinct, or already has ceased,

the "Evangelical" judges, pardons and grants free access to the kingdom of God without hesitancy or doubt. It never enters the preacher's mind to conceive that he is hardly competent to pronounce on what he knows nothing about, or to judge what he has never seen, nor can know through the senses,—the soul. But it matters little; visible or invisible things to him are the same. The body is seen and the accents of the lips have been heard, and this suffices. It is no wonder that fanaticism is begotten of such all-transforming illumination, and that those who do not partake its pleasant light are reputed infidels, and declared hopelessly lost.

One would imagine that such a system, neither warranted by scriptural text interpreted by the least glimmer of good sense, nor upheld by any kind of ratiocination, could never find countenance among people supposed to have learned that they are possessed of a rational faculty. It is an additional proof that some facts are stranger than the wildest fictions. Men never find any difficulty in believing the absurdest things, provided they favor in any way their selfishness, vanities, or passions. On the other hand, let a thing be as clear and unmistakable as the meridian sun, but interfering with the vicious desires of human nature, and it will be questioned, denied, and rejected.

Having thus shown that Protestant sects retain whilst disclaiming the principle of "the forgiveness of sins," it is well to scrutinize this power in its reality as it was given to the true Church of Christ. Here we will find no wild theory, nothing arrogant, nothing indefinite, nothing absurd, but a system having in it such elements and such a complete formation as to manifest at once its origin higher than human,—the production of divine wisdom and mercy. It is to be noted that salvation is not an absolute possession forced on man,

willing or not willing. The sacrifice of Calvary repurchased heaven for the human race, and the mission of Christianity is to show each individual how he may enter into possession of this heritage, and to provide ample means for such purposes. It is something within man's reach, but he must reach to secure it. All this is effected by teaching the plenitude of revealed truth and tutoring the heart to the highest moral precepts.

As morals consist not only of knowledge, but also of acts expressive of this knowledge; and as rational acts require an intelligent agent, an eliciting end, and a means proportioned to both the capability of the agent and the nature of the end, so either wanting actual morality is defective and vitiated. But Christian morality is wanting in nothing, and is, therefore, neither vitiated nor defective. Here is the intelligent agent, the instructed Catholic; the eliciting end, the eternal felicity of heaven; and the proportioned means, sacramental graces. Instruction or knowledge alone does not lift up the man nearer to heaven; it simply tells there is such a place. Desiring the end will not bring it within grasp. The means of attaining it is, therefore, ever present and open to all alike, the learned and unlearned, the rich and the poor, the emotional and phlegmatic. Christ provided in the Catholic sacrament such a means. Every state of human existence, and every duty exacted in life here find direction, proportioned strength, and the required energy. As all things for salvation are thus provided, so it is man's part to make use of them.

"Man born of woman living for a short time is filled with many miseries" as holy Job, chap. 14, says. His greatest misery and the source of all the others is his proneness to sin. The sacrament of penance is at once a corrective and a remedy for this misery. A remedy, for it erases past sins; a corrective,

for it makes the soul fully sensitive of the deplorable consequences of sin. Human ingenuity has never been able to contrive anything approaching it even in appearance, though often attempted, which shows that it is of divine institution, inasmuch as man can imitate, and oftentimes excel, what man has made when he has the model to work from. But every attempt at imitation, and there have been many hitherto made, has palpably failed; and for the same reason every attempt of a like kind will fail in the future. Very different, indeed, is the real sacrament of penance from the caricature of it that is held up for reprobation in the Protestant pulpits. There it is made to usurp a power, or rather declare an iniquity, which God himself does not possess, that of granting a license to sin. Far from claiming any such right it knows no office but the destruction of sin in root and branch.

The institution of this sacrament, the manner and nature of it, are very clearly set forth in the words: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." John, ch. 20, ver. 23. This text embraces the confession of sins to men, for otherwise the apostles or their successors could not know either the sins or the relative criminality of them, and so could not retain them; the confession of sins includes a prior sorrow for their commission; and sorrow for the commission of sins shows a determination to abstain from the commission and make amends. The right to forgive or retain manifests in its entirety the power of absolution. This is in other words the Catholic sacrament, made up as it is of four parts,—Contrition, Confession, Satisfaction, and Absolution. Three of those parts belong wholly to the person confessing; and those three determine the giving or withholding of the absolution. If those three conditions are present, the priest cannot deny absolution; and

if they are absent, no priest, bishop, or pope can lawfully pronounce the absolution. This shows that the priest or confessor is not in any sense the author of the absolution; and is merely an agent authorized in due and unmistakable form, by a special grace, to open the channels of grace to the souls of others. But grace for his own soul, he like the laity must seek from another point. Thus the means of grace are open alike to all, and must be used in the same manner, whether by priest or layman. This is the impartial justice of God, the all-inclusive mercy of Christ, found nowhere but in the Church which he has established—the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. Look without, and you never see the "preachers" on the "stool of repentance," or drooping over the "mourner's bench;" but within the Catholic Church none are more constant or greater frequenters of the "confessional" in the humble posture of penitents than the priests: "For there is no respect of persons, with God," Rom. ch. 2, ver. 11.

If confession of sin has any object at all, it is that it may enable the sinner to overcome his evil habits and destroy his wicked propensities. Certainly God has no need of such declaration; for "all things are naked and open to his eyes, even our most secret thoughts and actions." The confession of sins is, therefore, enjoined on man, in order that he may endeavor to correct his moral infirmities. But confession made in any other way than that prescribed by the Catholic Church fails in the attainment of this the sole end. Necessarily when it is possible, the penitent must name the sinful actions, thoughts, words, and omissions, their number and nature, to the confessor, who is required by his sacred office to admonish, to counsel, to direct what are the requirements of violated justice or wounded charity, to exhort

the sinner to the fullest reparation practicable, and at the same time to make him feel the dire heinousness of his offences. This is all that can be done in the order of correction, for a creature having a free will. He is made to see his defects in their true light, he has counsel how to overcome them, knowledge of their consequences, and the sacramental grace, enabling him to avoid them in the future. It need not be added that the confidences of the "confessional" are inviolable; or that the priest must undergo every punishment that man can inflict, even the cruellest death, sooner than reveal, without the penitents' consent, any part of the confession. St. John Nepomuk, the martyr of the confessional, illustrates this inviolability.

Compare with this the poor contrivances of men. A sincere public confession, no doubt, would have much the same effect, but this is too far beyond the pride and weakness of men in general to be anything more than used in some manner extraordinarily. See what a sad degeneration has come over the attempt of John Wesley. Class-meetings are now circles of soft and silly egotism. Self-accusation, in general terms, fails in every instance, and so has no reason in it, for it neither reminds the man of his sins, nor can it procure due counsel. Self-confession, or "confession to God," as it is called in Euphuism, though better than "class-meeting confessions" or "generalizing confessions," is infirm, owing to man's self-love, blind, because of the absence of counsel, and defective as a means of correction, for there is no one to judge; and, as in all other things, so likewise in this, men are poor and improper judges of themselves. Where the judgment of any matter is faulty, the corrective and remedies must be so too. This so-called "confession to God" of Protestants is at best nothing more than the daily "examen

of conscience" practiced by all fervent Catholics. Thus, then, supposing absolution possible alike to all, the mode observed by the Catholic Church is shown superior and better adapted to the present state of mankind; and hence, it must be concluded, as Christ was infinitely wise, that this is the form he prescribed as best according with human wants.

The power of forgiving sins belonging to the Catholic Church, though extending to all manner of men and all manner of sin, is a very definite and not extravagant power. It requires more and heavier conditions for its exercise than that pretended to by any Protestant sect whatever. There is nothing absolute in it. Whilst every Protestant reserves or claims the right of absolving himself, or pronouncing himself freed from his sins, no Catholic, Pope, bishop, priest, or layman, can make such a claim. Whilst Protestant sects award, many, if not most of them, perfect immunity from sin to their several memberships during life, and all declare their own dead confidently in heaven, the Catholic Church makes no pretence to absolve any sins but such as are confessed with sorrow as already committed; and of her dead (a few signally favored individuals, whose lives were beyond reproach, and whose sanctity was strongly attested by miraculous manifestations, excepted) she has no further and gives no greater assurance than charitable hope of their salvation. It is, therefore, evident to any one that Protestantism holds and practices a far more extensive and much less rational prerogative of absolving sins than belongs to the Catholic Church. Without doubt, the conditions exacted by the sacrament of penance are severer on human pride and vanity than any others. But in this is only strict conformity with Christianity, which, both in its Divine Master and in its universal spirit, is

a system of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice.

The current saying of Protestants, "we confess to God," is either nonsense or most impious blasphemy. If they intimate by the expression, as can be sometimes inferred by its pointed use, that Catholics confess to the priest alone, it is arrant nonsense; for no Catholic entertains such a thought. If they, on the other hand, pretend that the "ear of God" is shut to any confession made within the secret chambers of the heart, in public to multitudes, in a private apartment, or confidently in the tribunal of penance, they deny the omnipresence of God, and in consequence are guilty of blasphemy. Wherever or however acknowledged or unacknowledged, the Omniscient is cognizant of men's actions in part and in whole—virtuous, vicious, hypocritical, and sincere. He has no need of any enumeration of them, special or general, and when he requires such, it is for man's sole benefit and improvement.

From the subject under discussion, as from the various other distinctive peculiarities of Protestantism, one thing is conclusive: there is a strong and inevitable tendency in that theory of religion inaugurated by Luther to shake itself away from everything in doctrine and duty that bears hard on human nature and human passions. But if Christianity did not possess truths for the enlightenment of man and curbs for his passions, how was the world to be renovated by it? If men knew as much, or more, as some in those later days hold, before its proclamation, and after they have received its healing and consoling light, still are permitted to follow the bent of their inclinations as unrestrictedly as did the educated pagans and idolaters of old, it is without purpose.

People may talk of Christian morality, integrity, and rectitude; but there can be no such thing without the purifying, curbing, salutary min-

istrations of the sacrament of Penance as instituted by Christ and cherished by the Catholic Church. It is not meant to deny that there may be natural morality and social morality, for to either of these kinds most of the honesty and self-denial found now among people beyond the pale of the Church is attributable. They observe decorum in conduct and action, not because their consciences tell them it is proper and meritorious, but because society exacts it. Society may alter its tone, and has so done thousands of times; and then the exaction may be the very reverse of what was demanded before, and which will be yielded as freely. It may become the fashion, a thing not at all unlikely, to profess free-thinking and profanity in social circles; but when this happens, those who are now zealots for some pet scheme of Christianity will be found equally rabid as favorers of infidelity.

Without the sacramental system of the Catholic Church, Christianity is maimed and imperfect, and manifests many inherent defects and a general incompleteness. When religious consolations are most needed by poor, shrinking, afflicted human-

ity, it has nothing to offer. In the days of sorrow or calamity, on the eve of death, in the feverish hours of sickness and pain; when human nature craves aid, grace, and solace, Protestantism knows no balm. It stands mute before afflictions and miseries—the chief lot of man. It is the religion of good health and prosperity. But man is naturally infirm, man is ever weak, man is mortal, and subject to many ills. Has Christianity made no special provisions for those features, the most constant and common of life? It would be unworthy of its divine origin, if it did not. Protestantism reaches a Bible to the vigorous and sound in mind; and it has nothing else to proffer the fainting, troubled, darkened, struggling soul. Here its imperfection and human source are indubitably displayed. By its side the completeness and transcendent perfection of Catholicity stands out in bold relief, establishing and asserting its own truth and divine foundation. At no time has it more graces, more helps, more spiritual resources than when poor, frail man has to struggle with misfortune, infirmity, disappointment, or death.

AN EPITAPH.

"I will be rich!" I said;
 And, I am poor;
 "I will be great!"
 And, I am least of all;
 "When I am old!" said I,
 And, I am dead;
 "I will be loved!"
 And, I am clean forgot;
 "I will be wise!"

 This one truth have I learned:
 That death alone was certain in my life.

FRANCIS NORBERT BLANCHET, D.D.,

THE APOSTLE OF OREGON AND THE FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF THE GREAT WEST.

“The path of the just is as the shining light.”—PROVERBS.

AWAY in the far West, even on the shores of the Pacific, there dwells one of the Apostles of our country. His humble modesty would fain hide his shining deeds, his laborious life, from the eyes of men. He knows that his works are written in God's history, and he cares naught for the applause of the world. But, above all, at this day the life of such a venerable man is precious. It should be known to our nation.

The Most Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet, D.D., Archbishop of Oregon, and Apostle of the Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, is the oldest of all our prelates. He was born in the parish of St. Pierre, Rivière du Sud, Province of Quebec, Canada, on the 3d of September, 1795. His parents were Pierre and Rosalie Blanchet. They belonged to that simple, upright, and respectable class of people, the French Canadian farmers. In his 12th year Francis was sent with his brother, now the Right Rev. Bishop of Nisqually, to the parochial school, where, having mastered the rudiments of knowledge, he made his first communion, and began the study of Latin. Even at this early age the bright and pious boys were intended for the Church. In 1809, the future Archbishop, with his brother, proceeded to the Little Seminary of Quebec, in order to continue his studies, completing rhetoric in 1814, and philosophy two years later. He then entered the Great Seminary, commenced the study of theology, held a professorship for two years, and was ordained priest on July 18th, 1819, by the Right Rev. Dr. Plessis, Bishop of Quebec.

The Abbé Blanchet was immediately appointed Vicar at the Cathedral of Quebec, where he remained one year. In October, 1820, he was appointed to the mission of Richibucto, New Brunswick, which he administered for seven years. His mission extended seventy-five miles along the Atlantic coast, from the Buctouche to the Miramichi Rivers. Among his flock the Abbé Blanchet counted a pretty large number of Micmac Indians, all Catholics, and devout to St. Anne of Burnt Church, situated on the northern shore of the Miramichi. Often did he accompany these dusky sons of the forest there to celebrate the great festival of the 26th of July. Coming from all parts of the country they gathered at that hallowed church every year with their priest, Rev. Thomas Cook, late Bishop of Three Rivers, Canada, then missionary at Chatham, New Brunswick. Great and impressive was the display of the red men on these occasions by the firing of guns, when the flotilla of canoes of the Indians of Richibucto, beautifully adorned with flags, was approaching the mission land. The kind reception of the newcomers proved that they were all brothers, children of the same family, the Holy Catholic Church. The eight days spent in devotion, in hearing Mass, attending prayers and instructions, going to confession and holy communion, were found very short. They were days of benediction. Mournful was the time of parting.

The Micmacs are the best representatives of the ancient American race on the Atlantic seaboard. They are a branch of the famed Abnaki

nation, and the only Indian tribe that possesses a regular method of writing peculiarly their own. In his *History of the Abnaki*, page 42, Rev. Eugene Vétromile, D.D., the learned Indian scholar and missionary, gives the Lord's Prayer in Micmac characters. These rude penmen write the word heaven by making the figure of a star, and the word God by a triangular pyramid. In some respects the letters, or hieroglyphics, resemble the Japanese system.

During the seven years of his administration Father Blanchet built three churches, one at Buctouche, another at the Bay of Richibucto, and a third at Aldoin. He was very much pleased with the mild, benevolent, docile, and peaceful character of the Acadians, who composed the greater portion of his spiritual charge. As a people they are intelligent, laborious, sober, good Christians, and much attached to the ancient faith. He has often said he would willingly have passed his whole life with them. But it was not to be. A circumstance obliged him to leave his dear mission. On August 3d, 1827, he took shipping on a schooner; but came near losing his life, as the vessel, in a dense fog, passed twice over rocks, and the third time remained grounded on them. God was thus enabling his servant to serve an apprenticeship in the field of danger and hardship. He was preparing him for the wild land beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Father Blanchet spent ten years more in Canada as pastor of Cedars, in the district of Montreal. His charity and heroism during the time of the cholera is remembered even to this day. In 1832, the Protestants of his parish presented him with two large and beautiful silver cups, as a token of their admiration for his conduct in visiting the sick and dying during the raging pestilence.

BECOMES AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

His career as an American mis-

sionary now began. In 1838, the Archbishop of Quebec made him his Vicar-General, and sent him on the Oregon mission, at that time under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan of Canada. He left Montreal on the 3d of May for the new field of his labors, where he arrived on November 24th of the same year. His passage up the St. Lawrence recalls to mind that of the celebrated Brebeuf. The journey from Lachine to Red River (St. Boniface) was made in canoes, passing from one river or lake to another by portages. From Red River to the Rocky Mountains was made in light barges, with the exception of five days on horseback from Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan, to the Athabaska River. The passage across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River at Great Bend was made on horseback in nine days. The journey thence to Fort Vancouver was made on the Columbia River in light boats. Rev. Modeste Demers, late Bishop of Vancouver's Island, who was already at Red River, was ordered to join the Vicar-General.

For four years the two fearless priests toiled alone. The field was vast. Neither rock, rushing river, nor savage wilderness could diminish the zeal of these apostolic men. In 1842, Rev. A. Langlois and Rev. Z. Bolduc came to their assistance, by doubling Cape Horn. The number of missionaries increased in 1844 by the arrival of Rev. Father De Smet, S.J., from Belgium by sea, accompanied by four Fathers, three lay brothers, and six Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur.

The mission of Oregon was bounded on the south by California, and on the north by the Arctic Sea, between the Pacific coast and the Rocky Mountains. This vast territory was erected into a Vicariate Apostolic by letters of December 1st, 1843, which only reached Oregon in 1844. Letters of the same date appointed Vicar-General Blanchet as its first

Bishop, under the title of Philadelphia *in part*. The Bishop-elect, desiring to receive the episcopal consecration in Canada, started for that country, December 5th, 1844, in the bark Columbia, of the Hudson Bay Company; touched at Honolulu; doubled Cape Horn; landed at Dover, England; passed to Liverpool; thence by steamer to Boston; and finally reached Montreal, where he received the episcopal benediction at the hands of Right Rev. Dr. Bourget, bishop of that city, on July 25th, 1845. Then returning to London by the route he came, Bishop Blanchet passed from England to Calais; thence to Paris, which he left in December for Marseilles and Rome, the latter of which he reached in January, 1846. The interests of his Vicariate having detained him there four months, he returned to Paris, visited Belgium, Aix-la-Chapelle, Frankfort, Munich, Vienna; and again repaired to Paris, preparatory to his departure with a colony of six secular missionaries, four Jesuit Fathers, three lay brothers, and seven Sisters of Namur, twenty-one persons in all, with the new Bishop. Brest was the place of departure. L'Etoile du Matin (the Morning Star), Captain Menes, was the bark destined to carry the colony to the shores of Oregon. Proceeding to sea in February, 1847, she doubled Cape Horn, and entered the Columbia River on August 14th of the same year. The title, Philadelphia *in part*., was changed into that of Draza *in part*., by letters of May, 1844.

The memorial presented to the Holy See by the Bishop of Draza having had its effect, the Vicariate was erected into an Ecclesiastical Province by a Brief of July 24th, 1846. Three new Sees were created. Archbishop Blanchet was nominated to the Metropolitan See of Oregon City; his brother, the Right Rev. A. M. A. Blanchet, to that of Walla-

Walla; and Right Rev. M. Demers to that of Vancouver Island. The See of Walla-Walla having been suppressed by letters of May, 1850, its Bishop was transferred to that of Nisqually by letters of the same date. By comparing dates it will be seen that Oregon City is the second oldest Metropolitan See in the United States—comes immediately after Baltimore.

In 1852, Archbishop Blanchet, regardless of distance, like a veteran traveller, started on his way to the First Plenary Council of Baltimore. The journey through Panama was then made on muleback as far as Chagres; thence on boats down to the first station of the railroad, then in course of construction, forty-five miles from Aspinwall. In returning he passed through Nicaragua, reached home sick, and was nearly dying in the September after, in consequence of the Nicaragua fever's making tenfold worse the ague which the good prelate caught in Baltimore. However, God was pleased to restore him to good health.

The archdiocese had incurred a heavy debt in 1846 by the erection of the Cathedral, the Sisters' Convent, and St. Paul's Church—all at Oregon City. Unable to pay it, the devoted and tireless Archbishop applied to the sacred congregation for a license to go and make collections abroad. He obtained his request, and in 1855 proceeded to South America. His efforts were blessed with great success. He collected in Peru, Chili, and other countries, being everywhere warmly welcomed both by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. With increased funds, renewed courage, and a lighter heart, Archbishop Blanchet returned home, reaching Oregon City in 1857, after an absence of over two years and a quarter.

To enumerate the adventures, the hairbreadth escapes, and the dangers passed through by Archbishop Blan-

chet, were to write a volume. On one occasion, while making his episcopal visitation in the southern parts of his diocese, he met with several accidents which might have been fatal. Three times the horse took fright, ran away, upsetting the buggy, and throwing the occupants on the ground. The last time the prelate was caught by an iron, dragged some hundred feet along the ground, and came out of the adventure with his face much bruised. But he regarded this rough ride as a portion of the narrow path to paradise—the royal way of the cross.

In 1853, the Sisters of Notre Dame left Oregon City for California. Dr. Blanchet bent his unwearied steps towards Canada in 1859, in order to obtain other religious to replace them. His journey, as usual, was very successful. He came back the same year with a colony of thirty-one persons—four priests, twelve Sisters of the Holy Names, and four servants for his own diocese, the others for the diocese of Nisqually and Vancouver Island. This time the journey in going and coming back was made at Panama by the railroad, which had been completed a few years before.

The Archbishop, in 1866, again proceeded East to assist at the second Plenary Council of Baltimore. In returning, he brought one priest and eight Sisters for his diocese. On the 18th of July, 1869, he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Four months later the venerable man again bent his steps eastward—the voice of the Holy Father had summoned the princes of the Church to Rome. This time he passed from San Francisco to New York on the railroad, lately completed.

At the Vatican Council, Archbishop Blanchet voted for the *opportune-ness* and the *dogma* of the Infallibility of the Pope. He was in Rome in one of the palaces of the Canonica,

when the city was taken, September 20th, 1870, by the army of that royal ruffian, Victor Emanuel. All hopes for the continuation of the Council being lost, the apostolic prelate left the Eternal City in October, and passed through Tyrol and Ausburg on his way to Louvain, as Paris was then besieged by the Prussians. He reached Portland in December, bringing with him a student from the University of Louvain.

Such, with a few exceptions, are the notes which a revered friend has kindly favored us with in the life of this really great and good man, now in his eighty-first year. If, after the lapse of thirty-seven years of uninterrupted missionary labors in the far West, the venerable Archbishop throws a retrospective glance on the past, it will be gratifying to him to behold the progress his mission has made since 1838. Then it was but a small mustard-seed, but the little grain was no sooner buried, as it were, in the earth than it quickly sprang up and even grew into a pretty large tree, which spreads its branches far and near. First, it is an humble mission; five years later it is created into a vicariate apostolic; it becomes an ecclesiastical province with three sees in 1846; and is still further increased by the creation of two vicariates apostolic, that of British Columbia in 1863, and that of Idaho in 1868; so that, where, in 1838, the whole territory contained but *two* priests, there are to-day to be found, one archbishop, four bishops, seventy-two priests, one hundred and seven churches and chapels, four colleges, eleven academies for girls, four hospitals, four orphanages, and about one hundred and twenty-four sisters. Such is the wonderful progress which the Church and the kingdom of Christ has made in the mission of Oregon in the brief space of thirty-seven years. These glorious facts speak with a convincing eloquence which rhetoric cannot en-

hance. They form a bright chapter in the history of the American Church. Like shining stars they cluster around the venerable figure of Francis Norbert Blanchet, the apostle of Oregon, and the oldest prelate who lives to bless the Centennial anniversary of our independence.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"Amid all the deep corruption of my nature and all the sorrow that life gives me, I feel the hand that holds me. I feel it most of all when I am loneliest and most forsaken."
—MARGARETHE VERFLASSEN.

Even amid my sin,
When the world's din
Was ringing in my ear;
When round my heart and mind
A poisoned flower I twined,
Still, still, my God, I felt thee near,
I called thee, Lord, most blessed and most dear!

My feet were straying far
From paths where are
Thy lights about our feet;
And unto me
Sin seemed to be
Less terrible than sweet;
But still thy Spirit in me moved,
I loved thee, and I knew that I was loved!

Perhaps I should, dear Lord,
Only have felt the sword
Of sorrow and remorse;
Only the bitter sense
Of my intense
Unworthiness and worse;
And should have cried: O, Lord, depart!
A sinful man am I; leave thou my heart!

But, O, I thank thee much,
My God, that such
Was not thy way with me;
That thou didst still,
'Mid every ill,
My Saviour deign to be;
And even when by sin defiled
Didst own me, O my Father, as thy child.

SISTER ROSALIE.

IN the midst of the trouble and turmoil, the worry and want of the world, it is not the least gratifying of man's inheritances, that he can look back to those who accepted most of the former as their share, that they might relieve such as are victims of the latter. The world contains so much that is saddening, so much that almost justifies the anger with which but partially observant thinkers feel impelled against its vagaries and its vanity, that it has always been a subject of gratification as well as of edification for such as feel the power of example, and who believe that a single act of heroism is more seductive in its moral force than any number of flowery discourses; it is a pleasure, we say, for such to step aside for a little while, from the jarring passions of the hour, to read and to reflect upon the line of such noble men and women as not only early ages, but even, and he will declare, *especially* our own days have furnished. It has been well said, and it cannot too often be repeated, there is far more force in the world than we are disposed to give it credit for; if we will but look beyond, or rather behind that veil of folly and frightfulness, we shall see that there is much to be proud of, much which tells us that charity in its manifold forms is still known and practiced, that we need not go beyond days which we can all remember, to find subjects worthy of our admiration and of our imitation. Among these it will perhaps be hard to choose. But, as a partial realization of the promise that they who humble themselves shall be exalted, let us go into one of the retired paths in which precious lives are spent but never spared; where Christ is loved in his person; where the little ones

of God's Church have the gospel preached to them; where, under the gray garb and the white coronet, there beat noble hearts; and as a specimen, but not a rare one, let us say a few words, and only a few; let us select in haste which will, we hope, prove fortuitous, among the acts, the words, the trials, and the triumphs of Sister Rosalie, an humble daughter of Saint Vincent; lessons wherewith to warm our hearts and to strengthen our wills.

Without further preface or introduction, let us enter this field in which the aroma of active virtues is so easily distinguished, and let us select a few of those rare rather favorite flowers of charity offered us in the life of Miss Jeanne Marie Rendu, known the world over, but especially in France, under the modest title of Sister Rosalie. Born in the village of Comfort, September 8th, 1787, she grew up to girlhood in time to witness but not to understand the terrible tragedies of the great revolution that was then preparing. Amid the patriarchal customs of her mountain home, Jeanne Rendu spent her first year in the midst of the best of examples. Her family, like Abraham of old, welcomed the weary traveller; its inmates feared God, loved their neighbor, and enjoyed a fair share of this world's wealth. In tending the flocks, Jeanne loved the company of her willing troupe, and led them into verdant pastures with the sound of her pretty voice. At this time, say her biographers, she was a blithesome, light-hearted little girl, with a cunning look, fond of fun, up to mischief, quite pleased teasing her sisters, and particularly delighted when she could throw their dolls into the neighbor's garden. Always at the head of every piece of

innocent mirth, she used to say that she wanted to do all the mischief of an ordinary life in her first years, that she might be a good young lady afterwards. So that, all things considered, it was not generally said then that Jeanne was the making of a nun or a sister. Fortunately God reads the heart; men can judge only of the external actions. Her mother seemed, with all the delicacy of conscience, to pay no attention to these *harum-scarum* frivolities, for this is the nearest expression we can find to express our idea; she said that Jeanne would make a good woman, and that no one would have reason to be ashamed of her.

At the early age of seven, she was in the midst of the terrible days of the revolution; she had been noticed, even at this time, for her interest in the welfare of the servants and her love for the poor. Her home was the refuge for more than one whose head had a price fixed upon it, and poor Jeanne almost became a traitoress without meaning it. Among the servants, as all were called, there was one, named Pierre, to whom there were attentions paid that struck the curiosity of the little maiden. Whenever an opportunity presented itself in the privacy of the family, Pierre was the object of general veneration, and on one occasion, when every one thought that the "little thing" was asleep, she saw, through the chinks that allowed her to peep into an adjoining room, Pierre dressed in something very like priest's vestments, and next day, when Madame Rendu undertook to speak to Jeanne about something, the latter replied, "Now, take care; perhaps I'll tell somebody that Pierre is not Pierre at all." Indeed, it was the Bishop of Armecy.

Such a revelation would have been death; then making known the real condition to the future confidante of so many hearts, Jeanne promised inviolable silence, and kept her

word. It was with difficulty that the little girl made her first communion in a cellar, and received her God in the manner and with the disposition of the Christians of the Catacombs. Her education was continued by the Ursulines, who were so much pleased with the genuine piety of their new pupil, that they already counted upon her as a future sister, but Providence had another field in store for her zeal. The cloister had certain charms, but wanted the active life of the hospital, and the touching service of the garret poor. Jeanne was not satisfied with merely doling out the charities of the convent. She desired to give herself to the poor; in a word, she wished to be the child, the daughter of Saint Vincent de Paul. It was after the terrible trials of the revolution that she presented herself at the mother-house in Paris, and by her conduct added to the joy experienced by the sisters who had been but a short time reunited. Charity but a few days previously had its stigma removed, and the generosity of a French government *allowed* charitable congregations to reopen their doors for the reception of the poor, and the admission of Protestants to serve them. Jeanne Rendu was at length in her element; now every prayer would be accompanied by a work of charity.

On the 25th of May, 1802, she was admitted to the novitiate. Till the days of Saint Vincent de Paul, each suffering had its resource for consolation, each pain its alleviating genius; but there was still wanting a heart that would receive the expression of every one, the recital of every horror; a hand that at the same time could dress the wound of the body, while probing the ulcers of the soul; an eye that could read the thought of despair, and by its light kindle the flame of hope; a countenance that could frown upon the wicked to make him enter into himself, and that in its expansive

power would open the mouth, loosen the tongue, and unburden the heart of the culprit, first into the ear of a sister, next and fruitfully into that of the priest. And this rare combination of qualities was to be found not in one, two, nor ten chosen persons, but in a whole army of devoted spouses of Christ. Saint Vincent was the instrument employed by Providence to realize such a creation, and in his Sisters of Charity he has furnished tens of thousands of such to the whole world. In Jeanne Rendu, he gave his congregations, his daughters, a shining light, by the rays of which they may read in the recital of its vivifying properties what is expected, what may be realized, and what has been effected by a model daughter of Saint Vincent.

To produce such, in opposition to the spirit of the age in which we live, the Church offers the Protestant two great supports, the sacrament of penance, in which a horror of sin and the means to receive its absolution are presented as its fruits; in the most blessed Eucharist is together that love, first of God and next of his little ones, that must be the distinctive characteristics of every true spouse of Christ.

Jeanne did not remain long in the mother-house. Naturally of a delicate complexion, she met with great trials in the beginning; trials that were allowed to give her that nerve, that masculine courage which afterward so distinguished her. Despite her previously gay and somewhat frolicsome nature, she was extremely sensitive. The sight of blood made her tremble; a spider in her path would make her go any distance to escape it; and it seemed as though she never could bring herself to look at the dead, much less to think of burying them.

With such a temperament, added to a weak constitution, in at least one that seemed greatly afflicted, she was sent to one of the most notori-

ous districts of Paris, and was placed for her first trials under Sister Iardy; and no better school could have been selected. After the initiatory experience Jeanne was sent back to the mother-house, and the following "character" with her:

"I am very much pleased with this little Rendu; give her the holy habit, and leave her with me."

She received the garb of the Sister of Charity, and made her profession in the mother-house; was given a prophetic name, as far as she was concerned, being called Sister Rosalie. She at once returned to the sphere which she was to occupy till death, and which, while constantly enlarging in circumference, was always to have for its centre the *fau-bourg* in which poor men and women learned to live and to die in miserable dwellings, with few windows, less light, and often neither fire nor food. Such was its condition in the brightest days for other parts of Paris, but after the throes of a revolution its state was more than deeply deplorable. In this atmosphere did Sister Rosalie begin her mission, and till the age of twenty-eight acted as the most heroic, useful, and yet most humble in the community. At that age she was named Sister Servant, a term known among the daughters of Saint Vincent as synonymous with mother, superioress, directress, etc., in other congregations.

After the restoration of order, the government undertook to meet the wants of the indigent and the suffering, and, to be sure, Sister Rosalie's district was among the first to demand attention. She was made the channel through which the miserable of her district were relieved, and by her tact and judgment, joined to strength of will, which never closed her heart, made the public supplies go far beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine.

When named superioress of her community, she had already so far gained the good-will of every one,

that it was insisted she should accept a full trousseau from the good people of the district. If you will, it does not take much to make up the wardrobe of a sister, yet the offer, not the value or its quantity, was what pleased the poor of Faubourg Saint Marceau. Whatever could please her dear *diocese*, as her district was called, gave her happiness, and she accepted the gift of her admirers, and had not used all its contents at the day of her death.

It was in visiting the sick that Sister Rosalie found her greatest delight. Sometimes a single visit brought about the baptism of a father and mother, their first communion, their marriage; the children began to learn the catechism, and the parents were sure to send for her when death threatened a victim in their midst. Even in her latest days, when fever was undermining her little remaining strength, she insisted upon coming down from her room to see some of the unfortunates who called upon one who so much needed rest herself. On one occasion, when the portress complained that Sister Rosalie did not mind the doctor's prescription, she said: "My child, let the doctor follow his trade, and we will do our little work."

"But that individual got into a terrible pucker because you did not come down immediately," continued the portress.

"Well, do you expect fine manners from these poor people? Be sure never to fail in notifying me when such persons call for me," and the impertinent solicitor went away a better man, having felt the influence of a true daughter of charity.

On another occasion Sister Rosalie had been obliged to refuse a blanket to a poor creature, and at the usual hour that night retired to rest, only to find it impossible to close an eye. At the first opportunity, next morning, she sent the coveted comfort to

the solicitor, "that both might have a good night's rest," she said.

When she undertook the care of any sick person, she was not satisfied with what she could personally accomplish; the doctors were obliged to give them special attention. It was useless to reason with her; these were her particular friends, and she finished by obtaining for them treatment that the sick could not secure with their gold. When the poor sick people saw themselves the objects of such kindness, they knew the prime minister who directed the channels of charity, and thus every cured patient became a herald to announce the goodness of Sister Rosalie, and thus to extend her influence and to augment her responsibilities. Their first visit was to the good sister, and with the recuperated father or mother, came the children to show that they still had the rosary, the blessed medals, the scapulars that they had received from their common benefactress.

The most hardened found it usually impossible to resist her solicitations to return to God. Among the most inveterate cases she found was a man who, in the days of '93, had stained his hands with the blood of the martyrs. While a number of these were one day proceeding to the fatal spot, where revolution was to become drunk anew in the blood of the country's best citizens, they sang a hymn to the Most Blessed Virgin. One stanza particularly struck this wretch, and during the balance of his life he sang it each day, at least in a humming tone. When his last hour arrived he found Sister Rosalie at his side, and to all her urging said that he needed no priest, that his fate was sealed. But charity that covers a multitude of sins, also triumphs over and covers with its mantle the greatest sinners. After renewed prayers he consented to receive a confession, made his peace with God, and died, let us hope, not as he had lived. That day was a

great fast among the children of Sister Rosalie's community.

In one of the poorest streets of the district there lived a miserable ragman, who had abandoned his wife, and yet professed the greatest affection for his little daughter, who attended Sister Rosalie's school. When he was taken ill the sister came to see him, at his request, doubtless partially influenced by his child. He was now quite rich, and had surrounded himself with a few of life's comforts. In his early days he had been known to Sister Rosalie, who had lost sight of him, and was quite surprised when called for.

"My mother," said the moribund, "I am going to die. I leave my daughter the money I possess and that others might deprive her of. I give it to you in the meantime, and request you to transfer it to her at the proper time."

"But, my dear, this is a notary's business; if you wish I'll send you one."

"No, no; I want no notary. You are the only one I know; the only person in whom I have confidence. Take that money, that I may be at rest as to the future of my child."

Next the sister spoke to him about his soul, and proposed to send for a priest, that peace might be made with God.

"I need no priest to settle matters with God," answered the old man. "You are there, and no one represents God better than you, and we can easily settle our affairs for him together."

It took some time to convince the ragman that Sister Rosalie was neither a notary public nor a priest; yet she took the money, and in exchange for this accommodation the dying sinner agreed to admit and speak to the pastor.

Fifteen thousand francs were drawn from under the bed-ticking; a reconciliation was effected between the ragman and his wife, and death closed the scene, with Sister Rosalie

reciting the prayer for the departing.

Attached to the house over which Sister Rosalie presided was a school, in which the little girls of the district were instructed. Her practical turn of mind made the sister rigidly exclude all that was not likely to prove of service to her little *protégés*. She was opposed to the time lost in the study of vocal music, and likewise to the custom which prevailed then, and still continues, of offering purses to the successful candidates at examinations; these purses entitling the successful girl to pursue a higher course of studies. Sister Rosalie contended that it would be much better to place the sum thus gained in a savings fund, and allow it to remain there till the girl's majority, when a little capital would enable them to be settled quietly in life at some decent occupation.

In her school all was distinguished by its order, its neatness, and the regularity of the scholars. She was the friend of all the little penitents she met in the classes during her visitations.

"I taught your mother to read," she would say to the little giddy creature, who was paying the penalty by being in the middle of the classroom. "She was so good, so gentle, and loved her book so well; why are you not the same? Sister, I go security for the good conduct of my little friend," who forthwith hastened to her place, with the fixed resolution, often broken we suppose, to do better, and at night, when the supper was spread and little Marie was asked what about her school to-day, Sister Rosalie was blessed and praised by a flattered mother, who had supposed herself forgotten, but who was now delighted that some one thought of her.

As charity is never satisfied, and constantly seeks to expand, Sister Rosalie determined to add a nursery to the pharmacy and the school. Here she collected all the little things

of the district whose mothers were out at service; she required them to come at certain hours in the morning and afternoon to feed their babes, and, despite all opposition, insisted that employers should give the poor mothers time to fulfil this duty of parental love. It required but a step to create an asylum, and this soon found itself among Sister Rosalie's works, and, as Viscount de Melun says in the "Life" from which we are quoting, Sister Rosalie drew order out of chaos; the children, bright and happy, made music in their noise, and showed order even in their romps. But all this did not satisfy the cravings of the good sister's heart. Her influence often secured a place in the hospitals and homes for old and infirm persons, but she desired to have such about her. Accordingly she managed to secure a house in which a number of little rooms were made, and each old gentleman had his private apartment; when he knew any trade, if his strength permitted, an opportunity was given him to do something to repay his board and lodging, and thus he was made to feel an independence which otherwise would have been impossible.

No solicitation could induce the sister to open an industrial school for girls. "Let them feel the hard blows of the world," she would say; "in an industrial school one sister would spoil them." But she did what, in her opinion, was of more utility, and a real charity. She opened Sunday recreative halls, in which all her former pupils, then apprentices or in service, could meet, enjoy an afternoon's amusement, sing innocent songs or pious hymns, and under the tuition of the Sisters and intelligent charitable ladies who were taken into the work, were enabled to continue and partially perfect their previous instruction. Sister Rosalie knew them all by name, where they were working, how much they received, and how they were doing. This undertaking she perfected by the associa-

tion known as that of "The Good Counsel," wherein the oldest members were united, and each given a certain number of younger girls to oversee and instruct, to encourage and assist. There was a certain Sunday in each month when Sister Rosalie assembled all her children, young and old, for the distribution of rewards or the issuing of reproach, the latter always a painful but sometimes an imperative duty. When forced to be severe in her words, it was evident that she suffered more than the party reprimanded, and her advices and warnings were rarely neglected or despised.

In the midst of all these enterprises she never said "enough." "A Sister of Charity," she loved to repeat, "must be a support upon which all who are fatigued have the right to lean for assistance and consolation." The circle of labor we have mentioned was that which her immediate witnesses had determined, but her influence was by no means limited even to this extensive sphere. She never dreamt of that exclusiveness of spirit which imagines that all the poor in the world is comprised in the little field we cultivate. Every worthy enterprise received her warmest sympathy. It was she who gave the "Little Sisters of the Poor" their first furniture, and sent them the first "old man" as a gift. When the St. Vincent de Paul Society was founded, it was in her parlor that it received its greatest impulse, and the first few young men who united in the mission of charity, learned the lessons of its practical service from her lips.

No matter at what hour of the day she was called upon, she never complained; even her meals were taken in snatches. She used to say: "Storekeepers never complain when called from their meals to serve a customer; should I grumble when called to aid in spreading the love and service of Jesus Christ?" In a single day she has been known to open the way for a religious vocation, the door of the

novitiate or of the preparatory seminary; next she recommended a young man for a position, an old gentleman for a place in a hospital, a decrepit soldier for a pension, and all this without noise or flurry. Whatever work of charity presented itself, she was ready to lend a helping hand.

"Let us accept all the good that presents itself," she would say to the sisters; "God will send us all the money we need, if we make good use of what he furnishes us." She never allowed the mere doing of good to preclude the practice of ingenuous charity, or rather justice. An able workman, whose family was in Nantes, presents himself to her, saying that he can get no work. At once she procures him a good situation, but requires, as indemnity, that he will each week bring her a certain portion of his wages for his family. The tradesman keeps his word, and the family in Nantes bless Sister Rosalie!

Sometimes she received letters announcing that a poor person would call at such an hour for such a purpose. At the appointed time he was there, sure enough, but in the midst of a crowd where he was almost ashamed to be recognized. "My good friend," she would say, "are you in a hurry?" "No, my sister." "Well, then, take this package to such a place, read the address when you reach the street; you will do me a great favor, for the party needs that package immediately; and call again, when I shall be less busily engaged;" and the fortunate applicant, upon reaching the street, found the package addressed to himself, and containing what he had asked for! Still, she was neither fickle nor feeble. When it was time to be severe, she knew how to show her strength of will. A young man, in whom she had been deeply interested, failed to correspond with her cares. After several promises broken, she called him, and quietly but positively said: "Sir, an occupation awaits you at

Constantinople. Your passage is paid; here is your passport. Go and pack up your trunks. You leave to-night."

In vain did he promise; she was inflexible, and, sure enough, that evening the thoughtless young man was on his way to Constantinople.

She found means to employ all in some good work, in some ministration of mercy. Rich ladies came to tell her of their miseries; she sent them with a smile to see people who had really reason to complain. At the sight of such suffering, these ladies were the first to ask for a list of invalids or poor persons to watch over and to provide for, and thus their complaints were changed into joys; they had learned the luxury of doing good.

"You have heard Mass, my young friends? Well, then, do not go to Vespers, but stay here, and answer my letters," and forthwith she dictated to three or four at a time, thus proving her intelligence as well as her charity.

The manner of doing a kind act has often much to do with its being accepted. "Remember," Sister Rosalie often said, "that the poor appreciate kind ways, even more than material assistance. When you give charity in a disdainful manner, you take away self-respect from the recipient, and your harsh words make them feel that there is no use in striving to rise from a state of misery."

She had no faith in those who threaten to do all sort of mischief to themselves if not assisted. "In regard to those who so easily speak about committing suicide, I do not believe them; if they intended to do so, they would talk less about it."

Her knowledge of human nature also made her very careful not to say too much about piety, in giving alms, lest the desire to excite pity or sympathy should create a hypocritical spirit among the needy; and she never could encourage the giving of injudicious alms when persons

were in debt themselves. "We must be just before being generous, and pay those to whom we owe before undertaking to give charity."

When she had succeeded in bringing together a number of young men for an afternoon's charity, she was delighted. There were young doctors, lawyers, clerks, and others, at her service, and she would say to the sisters, "What a good day those of my people spent; it has been passed in the practice of charity."

Even the poorest were made to feel the pleasure of doing good to others. They went messages, inquired about sick neighbors, and attended the dying—in a word, were at Sister Rosalie's command for day or night. When she had listened to the recital of some great sorrow confided her by the wealthy, she would say to her companions: "My sisters, if we knew the miseries of the rich we would really pity their lot." Many, now bishops, spent some of their early days among the poor confided them by the intermission of Sister Rosalie, and from her some learned that spirit of abnegation which taught them afterwards to strip themselves of everything, even part of their clothing, for the benefit of the poor.

Her great secret for the cure of spiritual maladies was to interest her patients in some charitable work. Thus one who had abandoned his family, and lived in the most outrageous licentiousness, was prevailed upon to see her. After some conversation she induced him to promise a rupture of his slavish bonds, and an assurance that each week he would send her a considerable sum for the sick. He kept his promise, and was afterwards induced to deposit in her keeping a large amount which he had intended to give to the partners of his previous crimes. This sum she sent to the family, in which the gentleman had already re-entered. After a little while, she came to him, one would think with a tale of woe in which she was the

chief sufferer. One of her friends in Faubourg St. Marceau had lost his horse, and with this his means of subsistence. Exasperated, he broke out into blasphemies against God, and became the terror of his family. The mother hastened to Sister Rosalie, who hurried to her newly acquired friend, obtained a better horse than had died, and went with the animal herself to the stable, where she enjoyed the sight of a reconciled and converted father, a rejoicing mother and children.

Her devices to assist the poor knew no term. A gardener, whose work was interrupted, came to her in great distress. "Be here at such an hour with a large bouquet of such and such flowers, and ask me in presence of the lady who will then be with me to purchase it." The sister knew the partiality of her acquaintance for these special flowers, and no sooner had the gardener entered the parlor, than she became enthusiastic over his excellent taste. "One would have thought the bouquet made to order for me!" she said; and a good price was paid for it, with an order to bring one of that same kind so many times a week.

"What a lovely infant!" exclaimed a sick young lady, who, with her mother, had called upon Sister Rosalie, who at that moment had just received "a new boarder." "Providence gives it you as a present," replied the sister; "you must be its god-mother." "But—" "No, no but; don't be afraid," replied the sister. "God will never speak to you about it save to thank you."

In 1814 her bravery saved the life of a poor fellow whose crime was his forgetfulness of the laws of military discipline. During the foreign occupancy, a Russian soldier was condemned to death, and the report of the intended execution reached Sister Rosalie's ears. She hastened off, in company with an old lady, and, having asked, was immediately ad-

mitted to the general headquarters, where she cast herself upon her knees and implored the life of the culprit.

"You know and love him then," said the officer. "Yes, I love him; I love him as one of my brothers purchased in the blood of Jesus Christ, and I am ready to give my life to save his." Her petition was granted, and she returned to her anxious sisters, ignorant, she said which to think most about, her success or her audacity.

We have already remarked her positive way of refusing or rejecting certain requests or even charities. Where certain persons suggested that a ball or theatrical entertainment might be given to help her poor, whom she loved so passionately, she promptly replied: "No, we must not force the devil to give alms to God."

The Augustinian nuns have a little feast each year in Paris; it was suggested them by Sister Rosalie. When they came to the capital she sent them their first dinner, and every anniversary the same kind of meal is served the community. It was no uncommon thing for her intervention to be asked, when differences arose in religious communities, and her word generally became law.

She was equally powerful with princes and princesses. At her request the Duchess of Narbonne gave 40,000 francs to establish poor schools in Faubourg Saint Antoine. Her parlor, of which the whole furniture consisted of a piece of matting, a wall papered with material which disputed its color with time and its shreds with the mice, a few pictures whose colors were more glowing than artistic, a clock that rarely kept time, and a few chairs that were scarcely if ever vacant, there constituted the attractions for the ragman and the ambassador, the simple madman and the prince of the Church, the beggar and the Maréchal de France. Abbé Emery, who could oppose Napoleon's will, came to

Soeur Rosalie to warm his courage; M. de Lammenais was among her greatest friends before his fall, and never was fully despaired of by his previous admirers till he refused to see his protectress. "I was in prison, and Sister Rosalie visited me. She was the dove of peace that brought me my food twice a day," said Abbé Combalot, who was condemned for his generous defence of Catholic principle against powerful but unjust usurpation. Donoso Cortés, the distinguished writer and ambassador at Paris, came to her to learn what use to make of time that hung upon his hands. A list of poor people he visited became his recreation, and the privilege of reciting his adventures each week to his benefactress was his only earthly reward. When he became attacked with his last illness, Sister Rosalie left the Faubourg St. Marceau to enter the ambassador's hotel, and the last words of the noble Christian were: "May the poor pray for me; may they never forget me."

In 1854 she was visited by Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie. She had been decorated a short while previously with the cross of the legion of honor, and only accepted it, when told that if she refused, all the journals in France would talk about her. The result of the visit was, that a magnificent establishment was placed in charge of the sisters. At the moment of its inauguration, there was question of giving it to seculars, but upon Sister Rosalie's letter reaching the Empress, the promise was fulfilled.

She was a dauntless defender of the people of her *diocese*. "They are calumniated," she would say; "they are far better than their reputation; their poverty and privations made known fewer vices than exist under the cloak of wealth and luxury elsewhere."

In 1832 she manifested her zeal as a nurse of cholera patients. A horrid impression had gone abroad that

the physicians and druggists were employed by the government to poison the poor. Such a report found too many willing believers among the ignorant, who were in large numbers in Sister Rosalie's district. One day a distinguished physician was passing by, with a patient who was carried to the hospital. "Down with the poisoner," cried the mob, and he was at once surrounded by a menacing gathering. In the midst of his enemies, he had the good thought of exclaiming: "Sister Rosalie is a friend of mine; I am serving her sick." "Oh, that is different," said they, and he was allowed to pass unmolested. In 1849 she was equally noble in her conduct, and had the happiness not to lose one of her sisters by the disease; a single sister fell sick, but was cured; she had not visited any afflicted persons. After this trial, Sister Rosalie opened an orphanage, and in one day collected sixty-nine little ones whose parents had been called away.

In 1830 and 1848 she used her influence in the cause of peace. At her command, barricades half-made were torn down by their builders, and through her power more than one unfortunate was released from the hands of his self-appointed judges. "We do not need any tickets for bread; to-morrow we will pillage the archbishopric," said an individual to whom she offered charity.

Mgr. de Quelen was kept secreted in her house for several days, when the cries of the mob called for his blood. When reproached that her people were among the rioters, she replied, "They did not know that we had these holy priests in our house, but had they been aware of it, they would have helped me to protect them."

When accused to the government of secreting rebels, she said that she did not fear prisons; her only anxiety was "that she might disgrace the congregation;" still she con-

tinues to save as many lives as possible from the vigilance of the police. When notified of this fact anew, M. Guisquet, then prefect of police, signed the order for her arrest, and gave his first assistant instructions to proceed at once to its execution.

"If you arrest Sister Rosalie, the whole Faubourg St. Marceau will be in arms, and you will find a riot on your hands that will not easily be suppressed," replied the assistant; "every man in the district would take up her cause."

"That Sister Rosalie must then be very powerful," cried the prefect. "Well, I'll go and see her myself." "What can I do for you, my friend," said the sister to the gentleman whom she had never seen. "Excuse me for a little while," and off she started on a mission of charity, after which she returned and made her excuses for having detained him so long.

"I am not come to ask any assistance or service," replied M. Guisquet, "but rather to offer you some; I am the prefect of police. Do you know that by protecting an ex-officer of the royal guard, who, by his open revolt, has merited the severest penalties, that you have incurred the rigors of the law. I am come to ask how you have dared thus to defy authority?"

"My dear sir," she replied, "I am a daughter of charity; I have no flag; and whenever the opportunity offers, I do good to my neighbor; moreover, *if you were in a similar predicament, I would do the same for you.*" "I am satisfied to forget the past, but I implore you not to begin anew, else I shall not be responsible for the consequences."

"Indeed," said Sister Rosalie, "I cannot promise you, for a Sister of Charity must never, whatever be the consequences, refuse to do an act of mercy."

Next week the commissary of police entered the parlor, while she was talking to a chief of la Vendée,

who had come to thank her for having protected several of his companions. Not in the least disconcerted, she made a sign to her friend to hurry off, and kept the officer talking an hour or more till his victim had reached a place of safety. Some days after, the officer complained of her innocent duplicity. "Well, what would you have me to do? I would do as much for you, and I wished to spare you the pain of arresting him. Was I right?"

An unfortunate government agent had offended her *diocesans*, and his house was already surrounded, when Sister Rosalie heard of the trouble. At once on the scene, she began by scolding the rioters; told them she was ashamed of their conduct, and induced them to return to their work. When she used to speak of the troubles of 1848, she would say: "I believe that if you had gone down to hell those days, you would not have found a single devil there. They were all in our streets; I shall never forget their features."

At the beginning of these troubles, many wives brought their husbands to Sister Rosalie, to keep them out of harm's way. Some days after, the police visited her house, but excused themselves, saying that they did so merely for form's sake; that they did not expect to find any arms concealed there. "You would be much mistaken," she said; "we have lots of them," and she handed over a large number of muskets she had taken from her *prisoners*.

"For fifty years I have served you and your children," she cried, when the mob rushed into her parlor, in pursuit of an officer who had taken refuge there, and for whose life they clamored, saying that they wished to kill him in the streets, not in Sister Rosalie's house. "For all the good that I have done you, your wives and your children, give me this poor man's life," she continued, on bended knee; and her petition was reluctantly granted. Among the pris-

oners taken was one whose little daughter attended the sister's school. General Cavaignac called shortly after to see Sister Rosalie, and he was forthwith conducted to the classroom, and the little girl brought to see him. "My child," said she, "this is a gentleman who, if he wish, can give you back your father." At these words the child fell upon her knees, and in a voice broken with sobs, cried out: "O, my good sir, give me back my father; he is good. We need him greatly!"

"But," said the general, "he has doubtless done something bad."

"No, I am certain; my mother says so, and besides, I promise you he never will do it again, if guilty. Pity my poor father. I promise to love you well?"

The sister joined her glance to the child's prayer, which was heard. Innocence and charity, the most powerful pleaders in the world, had triumphed.

But we must stop this recital somewhere, if we wish to say a word about Sister Rosalie individually. So many and such distracting occupations never prevented her union with God; familiarized from her youth with the sight of misery, she remained tender-hearted till the hour of her death. "God has rendered me blind," she said, "for I have taken too much pleasure in seeing the poor." "I suffered nothing from your hand," she replied to the surgeon who performed the operation for cataract, "but I was thinking of the poor who must leave their homes to undergo such operations." "Happily he was not caught," she used to say when relating how a thief had escaped after having relieved her drawers of a certain sum. "Let us strive to vex our mother," the poor would say; "then we are sure to obtain what we ask;" for after the least manifestation of impatience she became doubly indulgent. Her great faith made her appreciate the prayers of sufferers,

and these she often solicited. During fifty years spent in her home among the poor, she had been so busily occupied that she had never seen the public monuments; her knowledge was almost exclusively limited to the haunts of suffering, mental or moral.

"Love if you wish to be loved; if you have nothing else to offer, give yourself," she often said to her sisters.

Her heart became attached at once to those placed under her control, and she would frequently say, in the last days of her life, that one of her greatest crosses was that she had not been able to write to her mother the last new year; she was then blind.

If a sister appeared to do anything in a pettish mood, the superioress remarked: "Our Lord will not be pleased with you to-day. I see it in your eyes." "Your good angel could not follow you; you walked impatiently," she said another time; "begin anew and say a little prayer." A sister was keeping a poor person waiting for a letter. "Well, your angel guardian is holding the pen; do not make him delay," and the letter was immediately written.

Humility marked all her words, and *sister servant* was the only name she recognized. Charity consumed her; confidence in God was her

mainstay, and hatred of praise and secular popularity her safeguards. She loved to hear Bossuet's sermons read to her. They were more substantial than those of Masillon, who had written, she said, for *grandeens*, not for simple Sisters of Charity.

When death called, her eyes had already been closed for some time to the beauties and miseries of earth, and the thousands who followed the remains that had ceased to serve their noble mission, February 6th, 1856, bore witness to the affection in which she was held. Paris did her honor; Faubourg Saint Marceau was in tears, and grateful friends erected a simple monument over her body. To her they still have recourse in their trials and troubles, and often with beneficial results.

The work from which we have taken this hurried recital was crowned by the French Academy; if our labor be blessed by its subject, more than a full recompense will be admitted. Such a life as that of Sister Rosalie is worthy of imitation, *even in the distance*, and it would be a triple blessing if the perusal of this sketch should make even one fair reader think of joining ranks in which Sister Rosalie no longer figures, but for whose courageous members she efficaciously prays.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

"And after a storm there follows a great calm."—A KEMPIS.

THE fair Spring flowers! They brightly ope;
 They smile, with breath of God,
 Just now upon their velvet hearts;
 They gem the lowly sod,
 With light it wond'ring calls its own
 Sweet light, that hides the clod!

Oh flower, that bloometh in my heart !
Than clod, more dark and lone,
Before God sent your wond'rous life
To mingle with its own,
From hand whose work is love. For me
They but your image throne !

And softly look the sunbeams down,
Those new-born buds to fill
With beauty's breath, and with sweet glow
Their tender pulses thrill
For golden throbbings that obey
The royal sun's proud will !

Oh sunbeam, smiling down more deep,
Where bloometh my sweet flower,
And giving all its beauteous life,
Which holds me in love's power,
I see but you in ev'ry ray,
That is the Spring's rich dower !

The zephyrs soft ! They murmur low
Their gentle song of praise,
Amongst the blossom-heads that bright
Their smiling faces raise,
In glad "Amen," sent silent forth,
And caught by sunbeam's rays !

Oh song of praise within my heart !
My flower's sweet name, thy all ;
Its bloom, thy answer ; and its life,
Thy golden bond of thrall,
I hear but thee, in each sweet sound,
That forms the zephyr's call !

Oh new life Spring to earth's heart brings !
Thy marvel of strange might,
That wakes the flowers ; that bids the sun
To make thy slave his light ;
That breathes thy rule in zephyr's song ;
And orders Winter's flight.

In thee I see but image of
My heart, with new joy rife,
Heart plunged in wintry shade before !
Heart worn with woful strife !
O God, thy hand alone could form
Such miracle of life !

CHINESE WRITING AND PRINTING.

It is a matter of common notoriety that, in numerous instances, the customs of the Chinese are diametrically opposed to our own, and this remark applies especially to their writing and reading. We write our letters in *horizontal* lines from left to right, and print our books in the same manner; the Chinese, on the contrary, write in *perpendicular* lines from right to left, so that what is the last page of a book or letter with us, is the first with them. Amongst ourselves, most scholarly writers are somewhat particular in the punctuation of their sentences; but a Chinaman, as far as we are aware, never dreams of putting even a "full stop" in a letter or any other written document, and it is but seldom that one meets with a book that is regularly punctuated. We write our names, more or less legibly, at the end of our notes and letters; the Chinese, as Sir J. Davis observes, "sign with a cipher which every man adopts for himself, being a few characters combined in a complicated manner into *one*. Another mode of attestation is by affixing the stamp of a seal, not in wax, but in red ink."

Sir John Davis, in his work on the Chinese, from which we have just quoted, further remarks: "The Chinese attach much consideration to the graphic beauty of their written character, and make use of inscriptions for ornamental purposes, as may be often seen on the specimens of porcelain brought to this country. The advantage of simplicity (and a very great advantage it is) constitutes the merit of our alphabetic writing, but that of variety and picturesque effect may fairly be claimed by the Chinese. The importance of calligraphy as an accomplishment is naturally esteemed more highly among them than it is in Europe; and large

ornamental inscriptions or labels are frequently exchanged as remembrances among friends, or used as pictures are among us; for purposes of taste and decoration." The Chinese spend much time and labor over the acquisition of a neat and elegant handwriting, and when they have attained this object of their ambition, they frequently turn it to what appears to the foreign mind a most curious use, namely, the writing of the huge scrolls referred to above, and the inscription of moral sentences on fans, etc.

Answering in some measure to our Roman and Italic type, black-letter, etc., the Chinese have six different styles of writing their characters, namely, 1, the Chuan or Seal character; 2, the style of official attendants; 3, the pattern style; 4, running hand; 5, abbreviated running hand; and 6, the style of the Sung dynasty.

1. Foreigners commonly call this the Seal character from its being generally only used for seals or stamps, ornamental inscriptions, etc. Its Chinese name is said to be derived from the person who invented it. It is the oldest form of writing next to the original pictorial hieroglyphics, and is distinguished into two kinds, the greater and inferior. The former is used for seals and stamps, and is also to be seen on some kinds of goods, especially on porcelain; the characters all look extremely alike, and seem to be an inextricable labyrinth of rectangular lines. The latter kind is also sometimes used for seals, in prefaces of books, and ornamental inscriptions.

2. The style of official attendants was first employed about the commencement of the Christian era, and was invented for the use of the clerks and writers in public offices. Now-

adays, it is most often used in prefaces and for inscriptions; it requires no special study to read it, as it is very clear and distinct, and differs but slightly from the following.

3. The pattern style has been gradually formed by the improvements of good writing. No Chinese can have any claim to literary merit unless he can write neatly and correctly in this style. It is the usual form of Chinese writing, and books are sometimes printed in it.

4. The "running hand" is almost a literal translation of the Chinese expression for this kind of writing. The characters are written in an easy and free manner, without the writer's pen being necessarily raised from the paper; in this style, however, only those abbreviations which are to be found in the dictionaries are allowed. A neat business writer commonly uses this "running hand," and it is also very often employed for prefaces of books and inscriptions, in scrolls and tablets, for shop-signs, etc. Schoolboys are taught to write both this and the pattern style at the same time, by means of copy-books with characters arranged in parallel columns.

5. The translation of "tsao-tsze," the Chinese term for what is above called the abbreviated running hand, is "plant or grass character," and foreigners generally call it by the latter name. It is an exceedingly free style of writing, and full of the most puzzling abbreviations, which often render it difficult even for natives to decipher; and Europeans rarely, if ever, attain to such a knowledge of this kind of handwriting as to be able to read anything written in it without the aid of an experienced Chinese. We have heard it facetiously likened to the effect which would be produced by dipping a spider's legs in ink, and letting him crawl over a sheet of paper! When writing in this style, a Chinaman often lets his pen run from character to character without taking it off the

paper, and makes his own abbreviations, to avoid the labor of the numerous strokes required in some characters, if written in the "pattern style." To understand this kind of writing fully, necessitates special study, and its chief use is in first draft of letters, dispatches, etc. It is also employed to a certain extent, by men of business, and is sometimes found in inscriptions and in prefaces of books, especially those of aged writers.

The sixth form of writing came into use about the tenth century, during the Sung dynasty, as a more elegant form of printing than the other classes above enumerated. It is believed that, since the time of its invention, no material alteration has taken place in the manner of forming the characters, which differ from the style of official attendants and the pattern style mainly in the greater stiffness of the strokes forming the characters, and in a certain squareness of appearance. This still continues to be the style most used for printing books, at any rate those which have any pretensions to being well and carefully got up. Only persons, however, employed in writing for printing-offices are required to learn it, as it is not used for any other purpose.

Of these six forms of writing, the pattern style and the running hand are the only two which are studied by most Chinese, but well-educated men generally have a knowledge of some of the Seal characters.

As we have observed before, the Chinese take extraordinary pains to learn to write neatly, and to form the characters in a duly proportioned manner. Boys are taught by placing thin tracing-paper over their copies, and they practice an easy use of the pen, so necessary for elegant writing, by constantly writing characters on a painted board; by dint of great labor, many eventually learn to write a beautiful hand, which even Europeans, entirely unacquainted with

the language, will admire, if only for the perfect symmetry and minuteness of detail with which the complicated strokes composing the characters are put together. The Chinese student is very particular about his pen and ink, and he is even fanciful on the subject of the ink-slab, on which the latter is carefully rubbed with a little water. The pens (or, as they are sometimes called, "pencils") rather resemble our camel-hair brushes, and are made, the better kind from the hair of the sable and fox, and the commoner sorts from that of the deer, wolf, cat, etc.; the stick or handle is of bamboo; and each pen has a little case or sheath of bamboo or metal to protect the hair from injury, for the tip of the pen is so fine that care has to be taken to keep it in good order for writing with. The ink is made from lampblack, etc., mixed with glue and similar substances, and is always scented with musk. The cakes are often adorned with curious devices and short sentences, stamped in gilt and colored characters. The ink slab is made of different kinds of stone, carefully ground smooth, and has a small cavity or depression at one end to hold water; but some students have a species of small cup placed beside them with a little water in it. This cup is sometimes handsomely carved out of a piece of jade-stone, and fitted on to a wooden stand; it is furnished with a small ladle, not unlike a salt-spoon. Nearly all paper in China is made from the woody fibre of bamboo, and is mostly of a yellowish color; it has no strength, and is very easily torn, and the effect of water upon it is much the same as upon our blotting-paper. The articles described above are called by the Chinese "Wên-fang sze pao;" that is, the four precious implements of the library.

Some Chinese writers hold that movable characters, made of burnt clay and placed in a frame, were invented towards the close of the Sung

dynasty, about A.D. 1280. This method of printing, however, does not seem to have been found successful, for native printers now do their work, as it has been done for centuries past, on the stereotype principle. Movable metal characters have been in use for some years in the few foreign printing-offices at Hong-kong and Shanghai, but the innovation does not make way with the natives, and in point of fact it does not seem, in our opinion, very well suited to their language, which is so different in its nature from those of other nations. With an alphabetical language, movable type lightens the printer's labors immensely; but such is not the case with Chinese; for, to print an ordinary book, probably at least upwards of two or three thousand distinct characters would be required, and in some instances this amount would have to be multiplied by ten; while to print a complete dictionary, we believe we are correct in stating that between forty and fifty thousand distinct and separate characters would be wanted.

The process of printing a book in China is somewhat as follows: Two pages are written by a person, trained to the business, on a sheet of thin paper, divided into columns by black lines, and in the space between the two pages are written the title of the work, and the number of the chapter and page; when the sheet has been printed, it is folded down through this space, so as to bring the title, etc., partly on each page. The sheet, when ready for printing, is pasted face downwards on a smooth block of wood, made usually from the pear or plum tree. As soon as it is dry, the paper is rubbed off with great care, leaving behind an inverted impression of the characters. Another workman now cuts away all the blank spaces by means of a sharp graver, and the block with the characters in high-relief passes to the printer, who performs his work by

hand. The two points that he has to be most careful about are,—to ink the characters equally with his brush, and to avoid tearing the paper when taking the impression. Proclamations, visiting-cards, etc., are all printed in the same manner. An economical way of printing small handbills and advertisements for walls is to cut the characters in *wax*

instead of wood; but they soon get blurred, and the printing from them is often almost illegible. From a good wooden block some fifteen thousand sheets can be printed; and when the characters have been sharpened up a little, it is possible to obtain eight or ten thousand more impressions.

FLOWERS OF THE HEART.

THERE are some flowers that bloom,
Tended by angels even from their birth,
Filling the world with beauty not of earth,
And heaven-born perfume.

Along Life's stony path,
To many a toiling pilgrim, cheer they bring,
And oftentimes in living glory spring
Beside the poor man's hearth.

Fairest of all the band
(E'en as the snowdrop lifts its fearless head,
In storm and wind, unmoved, unblemished),
Truth's precious blossoms stand.

The daisy's star is bright,
O'er vale and meadow sprinkled wide and free,
So to the shadowed earth doth Charity
Bring soft celestial light.

O cherish carefully
The tender bud of Patience; 'tis a flower
Beloved of God! in sorrow's darkest hour
'Twill rise to comfort thee.

So, when all else hath gone
Of joy and hope, through winter's icy gloom,
The Alpine violet puts forth its bloom
Where sunbeam never shone.

Strong Self-denial's stem
Of thorns, clasp well, for, if not upon earth,
In paradise 'twill burst in roses forth,
Each present thorn a gem.

These are the flowers that bloom,
Tended by angels even from their birth,
Filling pure hearts with beauty not of earth,
And heaven-born perfume.

SHORT SPEECHES AND CURT CORRESPONDENCE.

WHEN people are driven half-distracted with long speeches, and sigh for brevity, it is delightful to call up recollections of the possibility of saying much to the point in few words. We sometimes wish that our accomplished legislators would take a lesson from the first speech of the Maori member of the New Zealand General Assembly: "England is a great nation. The Maoris are a great people. The English have called us to this great house. We sit here. They have pounded my cow at Wangunui. I have done." This was sufficiently brief; but perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative chamber was that of the member of the United States Congress, who, having got out this sentence: "Mr. Speaker: The generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat by a friend, with the remark: "You'd better stop; you are coming out of the same hole you went in at!"

Daniel Webster was apt to indulge himself at public dinners, but managed, when called upon, to make a speech—if a brief one. At Rochester, New York, he once delighted the company with the following: "Men of Rochester! I am glad to see you; and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which, I am told, are one hundred and fifty feet high; that is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus; but Rome, in her proudest days, had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates; but Greece, in her palmyest days, never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. Men of Rochester, go

on! No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high!" On another occasion Webster finished up with: "Gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid. I'll pay it myself. How much is it?" In a similar strain, Peggy Potts, a fish-dealer, made her *début* as a public speaker on the opening of a new fish-market at Sunderland, and, considering all things, did not acquit herself badly, for this was her speech: "God bless our fishermen, pilots, and sailors, and when they return from the deep waters, may they reach the port in safety! God bless our workmen, and may they have plenty of work and good wages to buy fish and support their families! God bless the Prince of Wales and all the royal family! God save the Queen!"

Sir Arthur Helps somewhere suggests that clergymen would be more successful in attacking the pockets of their flocks if they sent round the plates before instead of after the sermon, with the understanding that, if they gave liberally, they should be let off from the sermon altogether. The experiment might be worth trying, although it would be unnecessary if charity-sermons were modelled upon Swift's well-known laconic appeal. A more modern instance of the efficacy of brevity in a good cause may be cited. M. Dupanloup, the eloquent Bishop of Orleans, preaching in behalf of the distressed workmen of Rouen, contented himself with saying: "This is no time for long sermons, but for good works. You are all acquainted with the calamities of those whose cause I have come this day to plead. Once upon a time a king, whose name is still cherished by us, said to his compan-

ions in arms, on whom he thought with reason he could rely: "My good friends, I am your king, you are Frenchmen. Yonder is the enemy: let us march!" I will not address you in other words to-day than these. I am your bishop; you are Christians. Yonder are, not our enemies, but our brethren who suffer. Let us flee to their succor!" The result was the collection of more than six hundred pounds.

The last time Justice Foster went the Oxford circuit he dismissed the grandjurymen to their work with: "Gentlemen! The weather is extremely hot; I am very old, and you are well acquainted with your duty—practice it!" Equally curt, if not quite so courteous, was the Irish judge, who, after his two brethren had delivered opposite judgments at great length, said: "It is now my turn to declare my view of the case, and fortunately I can be brief. I agree with my Brother J——, from the irresistible force of my Brother B——'s arguments." In an action for slander, Justice Cresswell put the case to the jury in the emphatic words: "Gentlemen! The defendant's a foul-mouthed fellow. What damages?" An example of judicial brevity only to be matched by Baron Alderson's address to a convicted prisoner who prayed that God might strike him dead where he stood if he were not innocent. After a moment's silence, the judge, sternly and coldly, said: "Prisoner at the bar, as Providence has not interposed in behalf of society, the sentence of the court is, that you be transported for the term of twenty years." An American judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing, from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hardly contested, he asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, hand-

ing over the money. "Call the next case." He had not the patience of taciturn Sir William Grant, who, after listening for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, quietly observed when they had done: "The act is repealed."

One morning, a woman was shown into Dr. Abernethy's room; before he could speak, she bared her arm, saying: "Burn." "A poultice," said the doctor. Next day she called again, showed her arm, and said: "Better." "Continue the poultice." Some days elapsed before Abernethy saw her again; then she said: "Well, your fee?" "Nothing," quote the great medico; "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw!" Lord Aberdeen, the premier of the Coalition Ministry, was remarkable for the little use he made of his tongue. When, by way of reconciling him to accompany her on a sea-trip, the Queen, smilingly, observed: "I believe, my lord, you are not often sea-sick?" "Always, madam," was the brief but significant reply. "But," said her majesty, "not very sea-sick?" "Very, madam," said the uncompromising minister. Wellington, we need hardly say, was not given to use too many words. One example of his economy this way will suffice. The Duke wrote to Dr. Hutton for information as to the scientific acquirements of a young officer who had been under his instruction. The Doctor thought he could not do less than answer the question verbally, and made an appointment accordingly. Directly Wellington saw him, he said: "I am obliged to you, Doctor, for the trouble you have taken. Is — fit for the post?" Clearing his throat, Dr. Hutton began: "No man more so, my lord; I can—" "That's quite sufficient," said Wellington; "I know how valuable your time is; mine just now is equally so. I will not detain you any longer. Good morning!"

Naturally, men of action are generally men of few words. Cæsar was not the only commander capable of announcing a victory briefly. Marlborough's Blenheim dispatch would not fill a third of a newspaper column. Suvaroff's dispatch to the Empress was in rhyme, and has been translated: "Glory to God, glory to you! The fortress is taken; I am here." This was excelled in brevity by the Hungarian general's announcement of his defeat of Jellachich, the Ban of the Croats, which, put into English, was simply: "Bem beat Ban." Admiral Walton's famous "per margin" dispatch has its pendant in Hawke's, "I have given the French a good drubbing;" and Napier's punning "Peccavi;" its fellow in Colin Campbell's "I am in luck now!" although we must own to having doubts as to the authenticity of one of these.

Butler pronounced brevity to be good, whether we are or are not understood; a dictum that capital letter-writer Mrs. Cibber, of histrionic fame, did not accept, for writing to Garrick, she excuses her prolixity, saying: "If I attempted to be laconic, I must either omit what I wanted to say, or run the risk of expressing myself so as not to be understood; besides, my mother taught me, when very young, that the farthest way about was the nearest way home, and you see the force of education!" Some theatrical celebrities managed, nevertheless, to be both brief and intelligible. When Knight, by advice of an admirer, offered his professional services to Tate Wilkinson, the manager replied: "Sir! I am not acquainted with any Mr. Phillips except a Quaker, and he is the last man in the world to recommend an actor to my theatre; I don't want you." Knight retorted: "I should as soon think of applying to a Methodist parson to preach for my benefit, as to a Quaker to recommend me to Mr. Wilkinson; I don't want to

come." Twelve months after, the comedian received another epistle: "Mr. Methodist Parson, I have a living that produces twenty-five shillings a week—will you hold forth? T. W." And the pair made a bargain of it. Some of these epistolary crackers are very amusing. Lord Berkeley wishing to apprise the Duke of Dorset of his changed condition, wrote: "Dear Dorset! I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive. Berkeley." His interesting news being acknowledged with: "Dear Berkeley—Every dog has his day. Dorset." Mr. Kendall, some time Uncle Sam's Postmaster-General, wanting some information as to the source of a river, sent the following note to a village postmaster: "Sir! This Department desires to know how far the Tombigbee River runs up. Respectfully yours, etc." By return mail came: "Sir! The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully yours, etc." Kendall, not appreciating his subordinate's humor, wrote again: "Sir! Your appointment as postmaster is revoked; you will turn over the funds, etc., pertaining to your office to your successor." Not at all disturbed by his summary dismissal, the postmaster replied: "Sir! The revenues for this office for the quarter ending September 30th have been 95 cents; its expenditure, same period, for tallow-candles and twine, \$1.05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance." His superior officer was probably as much disgusted with his precise correspondent as the American editor, who, writing to a Connecticut brother: "Send full particulars of the flood" (meaning an inundation at that place), received for reply: "You will find them in Genesis." A good specimen of Yankee brevity is the order received by a commissariat officer named Brown from a Colonel Boyd, which could scarcely have been couched in fewer words than "Brown—beef—Boyd;" the colonel

receiving his supplies with a note running: "Boyd—beef—Brown."

Talleyrand acknowledged a pathetic letter from a lady friend announcing her widowhood, with a note of two words: "Hélas! madame!" And when the easily consoled dame wrote not very long afterwards soliciting his influence on behalf of an officer she was about to marry, he merely replied: "Ho! ho! madame!" More satisfactory to the recipient was Lord Eldon's note to his friend, Dr. Fisher, of the Charterhouse. "Dear Fisher: I cannot, to-day, give you the preferment for which you ask. Your sincere friend, Eldon. (*Turn over.*) I gave it you yesterday."

When a member of Lord North's administration, Fox one night took the liberty of walking into one lobby while his chief went into the other. As he sat on the ministerial bench the next evening, one of the doorkeepers handed him a note. Upon opening it, the rebellious politician read. "Sir: His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury, in which I do not

find the name of Charles James Fox—North." Not more agreeable to the recipient was Henry Drummond's answer to a letter asking him to join the advocates of the Maine Liquor Law. "Sir: I think the Maine Liquor Law perfectly detestable, and will do my best to prevent its being adopted here. Yours, H. Drummond." As a rule, a man with a grievance is too proud of his wrongs to be laconic, but here is an exception to the rule. "Sir: I was a lieutenant with General Stanhope when he took Minorca in 1708, for which he was made a lord. I was a lieutenant with General Blakeney when he lost Minorca in 1756, for which he was made a lord. I am a lieutenant still!" Surely such an appeal ought to have proved resistless, almost as resistless as that of the dying dramatist. "Dear Bob: I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moments of his life, thine. G. Farquhar."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE prevalence of official dishonesty, whether exhibited in the person of a Cabinet minister, or the doings of whisky and canal rings, or in the corruption of legislatures, imposes an obligation on Catholic voters which they should by no means avoid. We may talk till doomsday about the good influences of the Catholic religion, but the American people will never believe it to be more than mere self-glorification, unless we exert ourselves. Our priests are busy erecting churches and schools, and attending to the spiritual needs of their flocks, and our religious orders win praise from our enemies, but are the laity doing their duty? Are cities where Catholic voters predominate eminent for their good government? Do legislative districts in which Catholics abound return the *most* honest and capable men? Do wealthy and influential Catholics

heartily interest themselves in the purification of politics in this country? Or, are we only as others, neither better nor worse, perhaps worse? These are practical questions, and deserve serious reflection. The worst politicians are, strange to say, often to be found in Catholic districts.

THE Emperor of Brazil is on his way to the United States to pay us a visit during the Centennial year. Brazil is the only empire in America, occupying two-fifths of South America, and has the most extensive contiguous territory of any country, except Russia. It contains 10,000,000 of people, who are Catholics, save a few hundreds. There is one Archbishop and eleven Bishops in the empire. Brazil was discovered by the Portuguese in 1500, and belonged to that country till 1822. Dom Pedro II, the

present Emperor, ascended the throne in the year 1831, at the age of six years, succeeding his father, Dom Pedro I, the first Emperor of Brazil. He attained his legal majority and was crowned on July 18th, 1841.

It is a peaceful, prosperous, and well-governed empire. It has 5000 schools. It has a national legislative assembly, and the people enjoy as much political freedom as the citizens of the United States.

THE people of San Francisco are agitating to prevent the further immigration of Chinese. They are afraid that the persevering almond-eyed Celestials who can live sumptuously on ten cents a day, and who are so smart and active that they can soon learn any art or trade, will by degrees succeed in controlling the labor market, and drive out all competitors.

The Chinese have all the vices of pagans, no doubt, but they have industry and some talents. Why are not stronger efforts made to civilize and Christianize them in California? The Methodists and Presbyterians have done a little in this direction, but Catholics have, so far, done but little. Yet that the Chinese are capable of becoming excellent Catholics is evident by the fact that in China there are over 1,000,000 Catholic Chinese.

THERE is no greater delusion entertained, even amongst Catholics, who ought to know better, than that the bulk of the Catholic population of the United States is of foreign birth, especially of Irish birth. Time and again have we seen in Protestant papers the insolent reply to Catholic demands for justice in the matter of education, that we are "foreigners," and that if we did not like American institutions, we should have staid at home!

Now, the facts show that the great majority of Catholics in the United States are native-born citizens. Take any State; in Georgia the census shows 5000 of Irish birth, and 26,000 Catholics; in Indiana there are 29,000 of Irish birth, and 150,000 Catholics; in the State of Illinois there are 120,000 Irishmen, and 400,000 Catholics; in Louisiana there are 200,000 Catholics, and 17,000 Irishmen.

Even in New York, where there are 530,000 Irish, the Catholic population amounts to a million and a quarter.

In Pennsylvania there are 235,000 Irishmen, and 560,000 Catholics.

In short, there are 1,800,000 Irishmen in America, and 6,000,000 of Catholics. Of course it is indisputable that the large majority of Catholics are of Irish birth *or descent*. But if we once begin to inquire who were the ancestors of American citizens, we

shall soon find that there are no real Americans except the Indians.

Even these figures do not convey a correct idea, for we know, to our sorrow, that there are Irish Protestants not a few.

NEW churches are being constantly opened all over the United States, and only those who read the Catholic papers carefully have much idea of the increase.

In Savannah, Ga., for example, a fine new cathedral will be opened on April 30th by Bishop Gross, who is one of the most energetic prelates in the United States. With a staff of only 24 priests and a flock of 25,000 Catholics, he has built a cathedral, founded a college, called Pío Nono, already rejoicing in over 100 students, and is now organizing a seminary. The Cathedral is 150 by 71 feet, the transepts 75 feet long, and the ceiling, the highest point of which is 66 feet, consists of a series of Gothic arches, beautifully ornamented, supported by iron columns, with capitals representing the native fruits and flowers of the Southern States.

THERE is a strong probability that before long the Territory of New Mexico will be admitted into the Union as an independent State. It contains over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and the majority of these are Catholics.

Archbishop Lamy, of Santa Fe, is doing his utmost to elevate the degraded Mexican inhabitants and Indians. His metropolitan jurisdiction extends over the whole of New Mexico, which has forty-two priests, as well as over Colorado and Arizona, which are also governed in matters spiritual by their vicars apostolic.

The school system will have to adjust itself here to the population. At present the schools are all Catholic parochial schools, so that the establishment of a *purely* secular system is impossible.

IRISH affairs are not very animated at present. Public attention is concentrated on Mr. Butt's land bill, which he has introduced into the British Parliament. No less than twenty Tenants' Defence Associations held a great convention in Dublin on the 14th of March, when resolutions were passed indorsing the bill.

The bill conferring the title of "Empress of India" on Queen Victoria has passed, and when it is proclaimed an amnesty to the Irish political prisoners is promised.

The Irish Rifle Team is coming to this country to shoot in the international match at Creedmoor, for the championship of the world.

A crew from Dublin to the Centennial regatta is also coming.

EVERY effort to spread knowledge amongst Catholics, and to associate them together in schemes for mutual improvement, enlists our hearty sympathy.

The Xavier Union, of New York, has opened its new club-house, at No. 20 West Twenty-seventh Street. It is a club which aims to surround its members with every facility for mental and literary culture. It has an excellent library, and is forming an art collection. It has two hundred and thirty members.

Every great city should have a Catholic library. Any one who has ever tried to find a Catholic work in the great public libraries knows very well that they are few and far between; generally old and out of date, and often worthless.

THE school question is quiescent at present. The New York *Independent* prints a letter, which says that the superintendent of public schools at St. Cloud, Minn., is a Catholic, and that he has not only introduced into the public schools a Catholic reading-book, but also provided that the children of Protestant parents shall be sent home on two afternoons of each week, and that then the children of Catholic parents shall be instructed by the priest in the Catholic catechism!

To us this seems exactly what he ought to have done, and how such a sensible proceeding could be, as the *Independent* says, "an outrage" we cannot see.

THE terrible fire last month at the Home of the Little Sisters, by which eighteen lives were lost, has directed universal attention to the construction of such edifices, and the provisions for escape in case of danger. It seems to be generally admitted that the presence of a *watchman*, and the better construction of *stairways*, and a sufficiency of *means of exit*, together with an ample supply of water on every floor, and also a number of fire-escapes, are precautions that should be adopted in every institution where there are large numbers of people.

A memorial tablet will at once be erected in the cemetery of the Holy Cross, Brooklyn, in honor of the victims.

A RECENT decision in the English courts deserves attention as showing the tendency of words to change their meanings. It was commonly supposed that "Reverend" was a title exclusively belonging to the clergy of the established Church. But the courts have decided that legally it has no more meaning than "Pious," "Learned," or "Judicious." It is an adjective, not a title.

In the middle ages and before the Reformation, the ordinary title of a "Clerk in

Holy Orders" was "Sir" or "Lord"—*Domine*. The regular clergy particularly bore the latter title.

SOCIETIES whose object it is to defend the faith against the attacks of science, misunderstood or falsely so called, are multiplying. A Catholic "Victoria Institute" has been founded in Brussels with this object, which already counts four hundred and fifty-three members; and at Rome the "Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas" numbers eight cardinals, twenty archbishops, and two hundred and forty professors, doctors, theologians and philosophers. Both these societies publish reviews.

The United States abounds in men who make a study of these questions, and there seems no good reason why North America should not possess a similar society.

THERE are 1166 cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops in the Catholic Church. Pope Pius IX has raised twenty-three Sees to the dignity of Metropolitan Sees, and has created five new Metropolitan Sees, and one hundred and twenty-nine bishoprics. He has created one hundred and nine cardinals, of whom sixty have died. As there are only fifty-seven cardinals, he has created the whole of the Sacred College except eight, which were created by the previous Pontiff, Pope Gregory XVI.

THE Catholic Indian Missionary Association of Washington, D. C., is hard at work. The first report shows that the funds contributed and reported have amounted to \$687.75, while donations received and reported from other cities have been \$1393.39, making the very encouraging financial sum total of \$2081.14 as the result of the first quarter's work of this Association. Many bishops have sent in their approval, and recently the Holy Father was pleased to signify his warm approval of the work, and to impart his benediction to the Association.

THE question of the taxation of Church property is still agitated, but we observe that Massachusetts has rejected a bill for that purpose, and that General Dix, ex-Governor of New York, is out in a strong letter against the measure as unchristian. A Protestant organ says that many Protestant churches are so heavily in debt, that if Grant's recommendation to tax church property was adopted, they would be bought up by the Catholics.

VERY REV. FATHER HANNEN, Vicar-General of Halifax, has received the appointment to be Bishop of Harbor-Grace,

Newfoundland. The island of Newfoundland contains two dioceses and a prefecture, St. Johns, Harbor-Grace, and Prefecture of St. George. In the diocese of Harbor-Grace there are seventeen priests, and twenty-two thousand Catholics.

THE interest in the subject of the Catholic educational claims has extended to Europe, and F. E. Abbott, the opponent of Bishop McQuaid, in the recent controversy in Bos-

ton, has contributed an article, entitled the "Catholic Peril in America," to the *Fortnightly*.

THE Rev. Father Hurley, preconised as the First Bishop of the New See of Peoria, Ill., has positively refused the appointment; and with such urgent reasons that it is believed the Holy See will accept his declination.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION: Catholics and Education. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No 9 Warren Street. 1876.

The importance of the issues involved in the "School Question" is daily becoming more obvious. It is absolutely necessary that intelligent lay Catholics should not only occupy a right position as regards this subject, but that they should be able to defend their position against the attacks which are sure to be made on them by those whom they constantly meet in business and social circles. The book before us is well calculated to furnish them with the requisite facts and arguments. It consists of a number of articles, which have, from time to time, appeared in the *Catholic World*.

These articles were mostly written before the present political agitation commenced, and are entirely free from all partisan bias. They contain a large amount of information respecting the beneficent action of the Church in past times in founding and sustaining schools, colleges, and universities, and also in regard to what she is now doing in the way of promoting Christian education. They point out the defects of our present public school system, the false principle upon which the notion of a purely secular education is based, the impracticability of the theory of a purely non-sectarian system of schools, the evil results to religion, to public and private morality, and to society of the present system of public instruction, and the true Christian idea of education. They show clearly and conclusively that to the Church is committed by divine appointment the duty and authority of conducting and directing this work of education; that where it has been taken out of her hands by the State

the results have always been disastrous; that the State may co-operate with parents and the Church, but has no right, human or divine, to arrogate to itself the direction and control of education; that for the secular power to do this is to deprive both parents and the Church of their legitimate rights; that the present public schools are not free, in any proper sense of the term, but are unjust and oppressive to a numerous class of citizens.

The facts and arguments on all these points are clearly and calmly set forth, and should command the assent of all sincere minds. We heartily commend the book to the readers of the *Catholic Record*. We wish that it could be placed in the hands of every thoughtful American citizen, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, and that a serious consideration could be secured from them all, of the facts and arguments which the work presents.

LIFE OF REV. MOTHER ST. JOSEPH, Foundress of the Congregation of Sisters of St. Joseph of Bordeaux. By L'ABBE P. F. LEBEURIER, Canon of Evreux and Keeper of the Seals of Eure. Translated from the French by a Sister of St. Joseph. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street. Montreal: 275 Notre Dame Street. 1876.

The biographies of those who have attained in this world to eminent sanctity furnish salutary lessons to all who are sincerely desirous of corresponding with the grace vouchsafed to them, and of leading consistent Christian lives. God lives supernaturally in our souls by his grace, and he unites himself with us in the holy sacrament of his love. Daily facts prove the working of prodigies

by the Creator for the good of the creature. The graces of the sacraments are standing miracles, and the most lowly Christian, if truly devout and faithful, is favored with intimate communications from God. These truths are well illustrated in this life of Rev. Mother Saint Joseph. From her earliest childhood she was specially the object of divine favor, and as she grew in years, she may be truly said to have grown in the possession and manifestation of divine grace.

The original work of which the volume before us is a translation, was published in France, with not only the approval, but also with the warm encomiums of his Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, and of the Right Rev. Bishop of Evreux. They speak of her as "a model of a perfect religious to her community," and of her administration of the community over which she presided as "signalized by wisdom, and visibly assisted by heaven." "We are pleased," says his Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, "to recommend this life as a collection of beautiful lessons offered to all souls desirous of advancing in perfection," and the Right Rev. Bishop of Evreux, in his recommendation, says: "Religious souls will find therein great encouragement in the practice of the virtues of their holy state, and the faithful will recognize the wisdom and power of God in the means made use of in advancing his glory in the education of youth and the salvation of souls."

After these testimonials, from such eminent prelates, it would be presumptuous as well as needless for us to add anything in the way of commendation.

We simply say, therefore, that the book is written in simple but beautiful style, that it recounts many wonderful manifestations of divine favor and miracles wrought through the prayers and pious instrumentality of Rev. Mother Saint Joseph, and is replete with interest, from its beginning to its end.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS: A Manual of Correspondence, Showing the Correct Structure, Composition, Punctuation, Formalities, and Uses of the Various Kinds of Letters, Notes, and Cards. By J. WILLIS WESTLAKE, A.M., Professor of English Literature, in the State Normal School, Millersville, Pa. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co. 1876.

The educational deficiencies of persons show themselves more frequently and more glaringly in their epistolary correspondence than in any other way. Indeed, it is no unusual thing for persons who have had exceptionally good educational opportunities to be woefully deficient in the ability to express themselves with that precision and

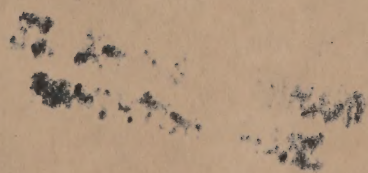
accuracy, not to say elegance, which a well-written letter requires. To such persons this manual will be very useful as a book of reference. Its directions, in regard to the form and style of different kinds of letters, are clear, easily comprehended, and practical. The examples and models of letters, notes, and cards for different occasions, and to various personages, are well conceived and expressed. The various forms of addresses and subscriptions, proper in writing to government and business officials, and to ecclesiastical personages, are very numerous, and of themselves make this little work a valuable and convenient book of reference.

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE: An Historical Drama in Five Acts. By P. LEO HAID, O.S.B., Director of the Senior Dramatic Association, St. Vincent's College, Westmoreland Co., Pa. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co., 182 Baltimore Street. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1876.

The sad and tragical story of Major Andre is familiar to the readers of the *Catholic Record*. It is not necessary for us to repeat it, nor to recount the disgraceful story of Benedict Arnold's treason. The drama before us is based upon this episode in the history of the war for American independence. The plot is full of action, of intensely interesting incidents, and of dialogues well conceived and composed. The truth of history is faithfully adhered to, and the individuality of the personages who took part in the actual events is well preserved. The drama has no female characters in it, and this, apart from the merits of the play itself, will be a recommendation, in those institutions where the introduction of female characters into dramatic entertainments is forbidden.

A STUDY OF FREEMASONRY. Translated from the French of Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street.

The insidious character of Freemasonry, and its rapid spread throughout the world, make it important for all thoughtful persons to have some reliable information in regard to the real character and designs of this system, which, while working in the dark, is constantly manifesting its hostility to all legitimate authority, both in Church and State. This work of Monseigneur Dupanloup is the result of a close study, by that distinguished and eminently able and learned prelate, of the system for several years, and is based on sources of information, both abundant and entirely reliable. We commend this treatise, therefore, to the careful perusal of intelligent lay Catholics.



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